National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XV. NO. 18. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1854. WHOLE NO. 746.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY (ON SATURDAY),
At $2 per annum,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Pro-Slavery.

AMERICAN SLAVERY

Letter from Hon. Henry A. Wise to a Boston Clergyman.

Letter from Rev. N. Adams to Mr. Wise.

BOSTON, Aug. 15, 1854.

DEAR SIR: I have been pastor of a church in Boston for twenty years. * * * I spent the time from March to June last in Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. * * * I was greatly interested in many agreeable disappointments which I experienced relating to slavery. I think I saw its liabilities, and had new views of the comfort and happiness of slaves when their relations are favourable. I was persuaded that our Northern friends were under misapprehensions, as I was, upon the subject, and that some things might be said to relieve honest, conscientious people who are distressed about slavery.

But, chiefly, I was so much interested in the blacks, whom I then saw for the first time, and in looking at the question of their destiny, that it seemed to me we might divert the Northern antagonism to slavery into a mutual effort with the South to plan for the good of the African race. That so many of them should be hopefully Christians, more proportionally than of any other immigrant race, led me to think whether God has not a plan of mercy for them which is not yet finished; and if so, whether we would not do better to find it out, and fall in with it, than to "divide the Union"; and whether this would not effectually supersede the present bitter Abolition feeling and measures. I am, therefore, preparing a kind, conciliatory statement of my impressions and reflections at the South for publication.

At the South, I heard you, Sir, and your opinions spoken of with great respect as representing one side of the subject. It would strengthen me much in my aim to do good to know your opinions on a few points, viz.:

1. What idea have you of the destiny of the slave population of the United States?

2. What is your conviction with regard to the practicability and usefulness to all concerned of the colonization scheme?

3. If a slave asserts his liberty and runs away, do you feel that he ought to be recovered, or has he a natural right to escape if he chooses?

4. Does slavery west of Georgia and in the Southwest differ much as to severity from that in the eastern and central Southern States?

5. Is emancipation desirable or possible, in any view of it, if the blacks are to remain here? Where did John Randolph's slaves find refuge at last, after being driven out by several Free States?

I do not propose to use your name, but your views. * * * A few lines from you soon on the foregoing topics would greatly oblige me.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
N. ADAMS.

Hon. H. A. Wise.

Reply of Mr. Wise.

ONLY, near Onancock, Accomac Co., Va., }
Tuesday, Aug. 22, 1854. }

DEAR SIR: I received yours of the 15th inst. yesterday. It is a letter which cannot be satisfactorily answered in brief terms. It is so deserving of my respect that I cannot forego a reply to it, and yet its question are so full of matter as to require more time and labour than I can devote to topics which are so vital that they ought not to be touched at all unless treated fully enough to comprehend their essential bearings. I must reply, then, in a synoptical view, and sketch a mere skeleton, which you must fill up yourself, and take all the chances of making many wide mistakes. A Northern man—a non-slaveholding man—is sure to make gross mistakes on this "*pons assinorum*" subject of African slavery in the United States. You first ought to comprehend our feelings as well as our relations in the matter. To make you understand these, you must allow me to "speak right on," like a "plain, blunt man," and to treat the subject in the most natural and unaffected tone in which the ideas relating to it arise in my mind. To the effect, then:

What are *you* writing to *me* about? *Slavery—African slavery*—in the Southern States of this Union. A *property*—property by *the law of the States*—property protected by *the Constitution and laws of the United States*—*private* property, held by individual proprietors by the same authority of sovereignties, and of constitutions, and of statutes, as houses, and horses, and ships, and goods, wares, and merchandise of trade are held. *Sacred as property*, because defended by the *moral* as well as *municipal* law, making it *mine*, and *not yours*. Mine, and not yours, it is in the forum of conscience, between me and God alone, and not yours in any sense between you and me in any conceivable relation between us. Mine, and not yours, in any sense of responsibility respecting any relation between me and the slave. What business have *you*, then, to interest *yourself* about it? Why take a thought about benefiting the race of my slave more than about benefiting the race of "my ox or my ass," or anything else that is *mine* and *not yours*? You shall not covet my "man servant or maid servant" more than my "ox or my ass," or "anything else that is mine." Oh! *you* mean no harm—you merely mean to inquire how to "divert the Northern antagonism to slavery." The Northern antagonism to it, then, *does* mean harm—*does* mean to assail this property—*does* covet my man servant and my maid servant, and would take away and destroy this property, without regard to law, human or divine. Now, why should it be allowed to do this in respect to *this* species of property any more than in respect to any other kind of property? It is lawlessness let loose upon us; and would you have us compromise with the moral mob so as to bring about a "*mutual effort*" between us to plan for the good of the African race? Before the property-holders can be brought to parley with the brute force which assails their legal rights, the mob must be disarmed and subdued. The sovereign authority of confederated States must be exerted to fulfil the faith of a federal compact of union! Property is gone the moment it recognises *any right of interference* by any *except those standing in a parity of relation to itself*—it is gone the moment it allows intrusion, especially by an "alien enemy." Northern antagonism *is* "*alien*" and Northern antagonism *is* "*enemy*" to it.

Suppose the *houses* standing this side of Mason and Dixon's line were all assailed by a rude mob, constantly hurling at them fiery torches, missiles lit with flames, just as if they were block-houses on the frontier attacked by Indians armed with arrows burning to light the roofs—that no State laws nor State efforts were made to arrest the incendiary warfare—that one-half the population sided with the mob—that the use of the jails was refused to hold the criminals—that the pulpits were preaching, and the schools were teaching, this to be all right, morally right, and justified by the "higher law" of God—that judges and juries couldn't be found to admiuister justice to murderers and marauders—that it was more expensive to *seek redress* than to *submit to wrong* under the sectional aggression—that political parties were organized and public officers elected on the ground of obeying the mob law against the faith of confederated States, and against the sanctity of constitutional and statute laws, and the oaths and duty of citizens to support them. Now, how long would *you* expect us to listen patiently to such meek and quiet and well-meaning appeals as that you make to me, much more submit to such insults and outrages? You could not expect good neighbourhood to exist long between us and our enemies. All common feelings would soon be destroyed—all brotherhood would cease—nothing short of war would soon rage on, to utter ruin of everything precious in the bonds which hold us together as one people. No, the Union don't rest in the bonds of law—it must abide in the minds and affections of patriots. Gangrene their feelings towards each other, and the bonds of the law become fetters—bonds, sure enough. And for the South to *hate* the aggressors and not to *resist* them, would show the South to be not only provincialized and enslaved, but fit to be humbled and trodden upon. Well, slavery is property as much as the houses are. It is assailed by "Northern antagonism" as dangerously as ever the blockhouses of our frontier were by Indians in their most "savage mood." *This* house *is full of combustible materials.* It is a house "not made with hands," and is endowed with human wit and human *passions* more inflammable than gunpowder. It has some reason with which to contrive mischief itself. It can itself aid the enemy. It contains a magazine of ignorance, superstition, and passions and prejudices. Its explosion would be fuller of horrors than fire and concussion could bring to fathers and masters, and husbands and wves, and whole families of kindred, if sleeping in security; and the very least apprehension of that explosion keeps them from sleeping, as they should be allowed by brethren to sleep, in security. The threat of that security makes the aggression really *a civil war*, without the fire and the sword—*not without the horrors!* This is the case. What is the remedy? *You* propose *a diversion!* Heaven defend us! Is that the best your philanthropy and patriotism can suggest? A diversion into what? A diversion of the mob with the missiles and fiery darts, thus threatening our peace, "into a mutual effort with the South to plan for the good of the African race!" Don't you perceive, Sir, the statement of the case refutes the plan? What then? Why, Sir, just let our *property alone, and make your people obey the laws and respect our rights of property.* Go to work at home, in the North—correct the evil there. Teach them that they owe as much at least to their *own* race as to the *African.* Teach them that *they* are not responsible for *our* sin, if slavery be a moral crime. Teach them that the mode they pursue is not politic towards their own end. Teach them that the first duty is no more owing to the *slave* than to the *master* of the slave; and if they would have us unite in any mutual effort with them, they must show themselves the *friends* of *masters* as well as of *slaves;* that if they would be instrumental in doing good to the latter, they must win the hearts and confidence of the former. If they cannot *do good to both*, let us alone—*just let us alone.* It is safer for us that they should, either for good or for evil, interfere with any other species of our property rather than with this subject of slavery. So much for the first impulses on reading your letter, before I come to the questions.

You ask first, "What idea have you of the destiny of the slave population in the United States?" None—none in the world but a speculative idea. And why speculate? To what end? To see, as you propose, whether *we* can see and fall into the "ways of God to man?" Why, Sir, the fanatics think already they have optics keener than we have, and more; they imagine that their called and elected part is to *play Providence* to a whole people! Now, Sir, don't let us imitate their example by ingloriously trying to become Little Providences to the African race! For mercy's sake, let us leave a little to God Almighty himself! I say this most reverently. Don't you believe in a special Providence? If so, do you not believe, can you doubt, that God regardeth *both this people and our own race*, in their contact with each other, and in the destiny which He alone foreknoweth and ordaineth? *How* have an idea of their destiny? I am very *finite*, and a thousand years is as one day with God. I can't take His heliocentric view of human destiny. History lies like a harlot, and I can't even clearly look back. But we may much better judge righteously in this matter by looking back and "looking up"—especially by the latter mode of looking—than by vainly attempting to see what is not to be scen through the unopened vista of the future. I dare not foretell to myself what will be the terminus of the "stately supplugs" of the Almighty on the grand journey of His providence to any portion of the human race. I think I see He acts on *individuals* for the *eternal responsibility of persons.* I think I see He acts on *nations, castes, tribes, races*, for the *temporal responsibility of people.* I think I see something so huge as to be incomprehensible to me in the dark background of the past, veiled by the lapse of ages. I see the Reformation of the Christian Church and the epoch of the discovery and settlement of new worlds. I am told of the mighty enginery of mind and matter set in motion by these events, and of the human activity and the necessity of human wants begotten in the womb of a total revolution on earth. Before this the world was in *night*, cramped in its old theatres in the midst of thick darkness. Those who held the ark of the covenant were set free by the "glorious light of the liberty of the Gospel," and to that light I give the praise, and the honour, and the glory, and the will forever, *of all the liberty on earth* which men and their children have ever enjoyed. The men of light, of freedom, of liberty, of the law of life, of equality, of doing unto others as they would have them do to them, were sent to a New World, and, blessed be God! that world was North America! Here were the heathen. Africa then was "a dry nurse of lions." Why were the Indians here *not* enslaved? Why did Old England and New England cross the ocean 3,000 miles in ships of the sea and bring the negro here to be a slave, at great expense and risk, while the copper-coloured savage, of the aqualine nose and straight hair, was left to roam? I don't know. Was Africa under a curse? Her lands were waste places—saharahs. Temples to the living God had all crumbled into dust—sulphur and salt and bitter ashes were strewn upon her soil. Horrid rites were celebrated in her temples, and human sacrifices were burnt upon her altars. Barbarian, and savage, and horrid were her wars; and pestilence, and wild beasts, and poisonous serpents and insects, infested her earth and her air and her waters. Head men and chiefs were kings, and kings were *masters* of the most abject and absolute *slaves*, who lived, and moved, and breathed by the *will alone* of tribal despots, who wielded torture and the power of life and death, by license unlimited and unrelenting. Did the saving of the lives of captives taken in war, who would have been slain but for the cowries which purchased them in the slave trade, add to the curse of the captives? It is idle to say that the trade afterwards begat the wars in which captives were taken. Wars did exist, constantly and universally, before, and wars which exterminated captives. The *trade* wars *saved thousands of lives.* Did removing them, with all the horrors of the middle passage, from the torrid zone of Africa to a temperate climate, discomfort them? Did the unbinding the bands of their African bondage, and putting upon them the easier yoke of a Virginia plantation, make them any the less free? Did the unbinding them from the stakes of superstition, and torture, and death, and bringing them to a land of law and civilization, make them any more slaves? Did their migration from a land of Egyptian darkness to a land of Gospel light plunge them still deeper into ignorance and superstition, and fit them less to pursue and enjoy the happiness of which they were capable? Love of domination, love of gold, lust of every sort, may have been the besetting sins of the *traders*—they were English and Yankees; but I can't see where the original wrong to the Africans was, or, rather, how they were worsted! If any, God, doubtless, put it upon the "spoilers who should be spoiled." But what of it? Here they were brought, bought and sold, and here they have for centuries served as slaves. And that it was the design of Providence that they should be, for some wise end, I have no more doubt than that the Great I AM saw fit repeatedly to subject the Jews to captivity and bondage. And what has come of it! God's angels and ministers—time, climate and the Christian Church—have been at work, and the result is wonderful to everybody except those Demigods and Little Providences who think the Almighty operates too slow! Two centuries have set free 434,675 descendants of Ethiopian parents who would never have known light or liberty but for that curse we call slavery in the United States! made them Christians, civilized, moral agents, many of them, of Gospel truth. (See table 17 of census of 1850:)

In New England	23,021
Other Free States	173,287
Total Free States	196,308
In Slave States	238,367
	434,675

Time and climate have worked this result, and the Free States, you will observe, have set free no more than the slave. The slave States exceed the Free States in free coloured population by the number of 42,059. Maryland has 74,723—more than three times the number of all the New England States. Virginia has 54,333. This county of my nativity, where I am now writing, has 3,295 free coloured population, and but 4,987 slaves; nearly half the negroes are free. It was not philanthropy did this. It was no Titmouse Providence of Man. Massachusetts never abolished slavery by law. Her judiciary did it when the institution had become so insignificant within her limits that the judges might well be indulged in legislation "*de minimis lex non curat.*" No, one of God's mightiest ministers did it in the free States. That king did it there which strips the leaves from the forests limbs in Autumn—King Jack Frost did it there. North of a certain isothermal line slavery was found to be unprofitable, and was relinquished just as the cultivation of oranges and pine apples would have been relinquished to a cold climate. Our predecessors were not such asses as to conclude that that should be constitutional on one side of a line of latitude which was unconstitutional on the other side of that line. No, they made no such agreement in 1819-'20, and Virginia assented to no such folly in the ordinance for the Northwest Territory in 1787. They merely conformed themselves to God's laws of nature—not to raise the question pro, on one side, where slavery was unprofitable, nor con, on the other side, where its labour could be profitably employed. Virginia was the first State in the Union to set apart a territory to freedom from involuntary servitude. She gave up to freedom, and Union, and equality of States, from the Ohio to the Mississippi, and every free coloured man in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan may thank her for his franchise, besides the 54,000 in her own gates to praise her. But this is not half of the result of slavery upon African destiny.

There are 3,204,313 slave population in the United States, which, for civilization, arts, arms, social and moral blessings, are worth all the principalities, powers and peoples of all Africa, without excepting the Dutch, Portuguese and English settlements there, from the Nile, through Timbuctoo, to the Cape of Good Hope! In the very words I would repeat this proposition a thousand times to emphasize it and show I mean literally what I say: *that the descendants of Africa now here in bondage*, in the United States, *are, en masse, as a whole wealth of people, in bodily comfort, morality, enlightenment, Christianity, and actual personal freedom, worth more than their mother country entire, not excepting the Europeans there combined with the natives!* This is no boast but a *fact* which challenges comparison! This is an enormous result. Nothing short of the power of God could have effected this prodigious result upon near four millions of human beings in so short a time as that of two centuries. God's churches in the Southern States of this Union have done this, some and all, by operating both upon the masters and the slaves. The Methodist and the Baptist churches have been the great apostles among these Gentiles. And thus I add another proposition, to wit: *that slavery, American slavery in the United States, has been the most efficient missionary among the heathen in the last two centuries.* Not by going to Africa and raising altars there at first, but by bringing the fathers here and preparing priests to go back to Africa and bear the Christian torches through the darkness of her night. The black missionary is sent back to black Africa—like to like. And the colony of Liberia, established by slaveholders, coming directly out of slavery, is another trophy far exceeding that of any known similar moral enterprise of the age. Now, the whole Christian church, by all its separate and combined human efforts, has not Christianized otherwise and elsewhere so many heathen and their descendants, and made them free in the same time, and also posted a colony of civilization, to be a lamp and a guide to freedom in the very land from whence the slaves were first *saved* for this very result, which was never designed by man, but must have been by God from the beginning.

Yet is it not passing strange that at the very moment when this great work was going most bravely on, the two great American churches of Christ—the Methodist and Baptist—should have divided among themselves by North and South lines on this very subject—one that called on them for redoubled union and effort? Not waiting on God, but relying more on man's wisdom, and not relying even on the best of secondary causes, the wisdom and consciences of their own brethern who resided in the South, and were best informed, *a sectional party, fanatically* striking at a cause which was working together for God's glory with the churches, *divided the churches themselves.* So it ever will be with Church or State, or man. Division and dispersion *must* come whenever men begin to build Babels—to become gods, and put themselves up in the place of Providence! And will you permit me to say that, if slavery be the curse of the South, this *Babel-building* is more emphatically the curse of the North. Hence the disappearing of the old faith and practice of the Puritans; hence your Pantheism, and your "*isms*" of all sorts—your associated man's attempts to play Providence. You are in danger of a confussion of tongues and dispersion!

But, alas! alas! your unco-righteous exclaim, The stripes, the burdens, the sufferings of slavery! Doubtless, they were and have been great; not so great now as they were and have been. But did you ever hear of any plan of Providence to man for his redemption and reformation which did not come through *suffering*—ay, through *blood?* Go to the cross of the great atonement! Go to the Son of Man!

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer—
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

His Almighty example was, through *suffering*, to prove that man's chief good was to come *by suffering!* And were the idolatrous heathen to escape the penalties of suffering to redeem their race? Go to the apostles and martyrs! Go to Calvin and Luther and the Reformers! Go to the patriots of our Revolution! Ask all of man's benefactors, as well as sin's victims, how came the good of *any* kind except through suffering—human suffering, and once, for all, Divine! The three millions of Christianized slaves, the half a million of coloured freemen—the rate of two thousand per annum freed and civilized in two hundred years—President Roberts and his Republic of Liberia, recognised by the most potent Christian powers of earth, and seated on a throne of African empire, conquering and to conquer, on the very coast of the slave trade—are well worth all the sufferings and burdens, and blood and stripes, of African ancestors who were captives of savage wars, and who would have expired without offspring, and without bearing fruits meet for repairing a race and a country, but for the evil out of which has come good enough to justify the ways of God, both to masters and to slaves! The horrors of the coast trade between Africa and Brazil were, only seven years ago, by no ways diminished as compared to what they ever were. I have officially detailed scenes of wrong, and horror, and suffering respecting its traffic, enough to make all humanity shudder in every nerve; outrages perpetrated by English and American captains and crews, in vessels owned from Baltimore to Bangor, loaded with "goods fit for the coast," with the British stamp upon them—nineteen out of twenty-one of them owned north of Baltimore, Wilmington (Del.), Philadelphia, cities of New Jersey, New York, Boston, Brunswick (Me.), Quakers, and even an owner and proprietor of an Abolition newspaper in the North, all implicated in the traffic in slaves, or in furnishing its very pabulum, the "*panos do costa*"—the fabrics of Old and New England—made expressly to suit the markets of the coast factories, those vulture eyries of Africa which are the depositories of cotton clothes of a peculiar stripe, of gew-gaws, of old muskets, gunpowder, and Brazilian hell-fire, the cachacha of their sugar-cane, and of manacles for human victims who are stowed in the "bush," first branded, some on the abdomen, and some elsewhere, *as so many parcels marked*, and then packed on shipboard on the tops of water-casks, chained two and two together in holds of vessels, to navigate tropic seas, where the thermometer stands above blood heat, four feet from hips to deck, four feet from hips to heels, and two feet from elbow to elbow, to a man, to become howling demons of mania, the living chained to the dead, and to be relieved only by death dealt in cold blood by the musket of the master!! (See case of the *Kentucky*, in the archives of State at Washington, in my own correspondence as Minister with the Department.) All this, and much more of horror, I have vouched, while I, a slaveholder, have been compelled to rely alone for safety on the power of God, and of powder and cannon-shot, in snatching the flag of the United States from the foul pollution of such a trade, carried on in the face of the combined naval powers of England, France, and the United States, by, I repeat, *Old and New England* people! And yet, I say, if called on to-morrow to say, as a man of humanity, of honour, of truth, of love for the African race, of hatred to the slave-traders, of fear and love to my own Almighty Master, whether the coast trade in human beings should cease, I would advise steps the very contrary of those taken by the civilized world at the present day. I would recommend the repeal of every act to suppress the slave trade. The philosophy of Thiers was true. The contraband increases the horrors of the trade, and don't in the least diminish the number of the victims. That number amounted to 60,000 per annum, at least, when I left Rio in 1847, from the coast to Brazil. The captives are taken far in the interior, thousands of miles, where no white man has ever dared to go to incite slave trade wars. They pass from tribe to tribe, and territory to territory, incurring a tax in transition, and reach the coast with their price fixed upon them by the tax chiefly which is paid on them. They are on the coast among "*strangers*"—*enemies*—in Africa. If these were liberated and turned loose, they could not return to their tribes, and they could not remain on the coast, owing to the difference of their occupations and the climate. If no price was paid for them, they would be put to death. Taken to Brazil, they are landed in a negro heaven—in a country which is a paradise compared with Africa—where they are worked very moderately, are treated, indeed, patriarchically, where they cannot suffer for food and raiment, and where the Catholic faith and discipline are eminently successful in civilizing and Christianizing them, and where they have all the opportunities which they are capable of improving to become amalgamated with the Portuguese race—where they may acquire a right to freedom, to intermarriage, to social equality, and where they do become useful artisans. Among thousands, I assure you earnestly, *I never saw one who was willing to return to the bondage—and worse than bondage—of Africa;* so happy, so contented, and so improved in condition are they in Brazil. And there, too, as well as in the United States, is a grand result—providential on its face—of this much-abused curse of Slavery! There, too, may be seen a well-spring, nearer still, to water the waste-places and the deserts of negro fatherland, which has evidently sprung from on High—out of the hard rock of slavery! Now, who does not see the finger of God in this, and pointing directly to the "*destiny* of the African race," in their own mother country? Here are the United States with near half-a-million of free coloured, and there is Brazil (with how many more I am not prepared to say) ready to pour back a tide of civilization to compensate a thousand-fold for that barbaric horde of heathens who were brought to the New World, in the economy of Providence, to hew away the rocks and to make the rough places smooth for a more chosen and superior race, who, in turn for the slavery, have given to Africa the arts of civilization, and the knowledge and the worship of the only true and living God!

My answer, then, to your first question is:

The destiny of the slave population in the United States is towards Africa. My authority is *God's providence* against all the futile and impious attempts of human Babel-builders on earth. His servants had better be busy about their master's work.

2. Your second question, "What is your conviction with regard to the practicability and usefulness to all concerned of the colonization scheme?" is answered by my reply to your first. Providence has planned the return of these free coloured Africans to Africa. It is obliged to be practicable and useful to all concerned. But I have a few observations to add on this topic.

It will take centuries to accomplish the work. Two centuries of the past have but begun it. I have no idea that more than very few of the 434,000 free coloured now in the United States are fit for self-government. I have seen the negro from my youth upwards, in almost all circumstances, and I know that his tendency, if left to himself, is constantly back towards barbarism. The colony in Africa or elsewhere must continue to have for a long period of time the care and constraint even of white superintendence and power. The black man must be sent ahead to open the jungle, but the white man must be behind him to press him on, to guide and guard him, and to save him when he flees or falls.

Looking to the ends of ultimate colonization, and to the true policy of the States at home, *I would especially prohibit by law the future emigration of the free coloured population from our slave to our free States.* Dr. Drake was right in his views of our driving away the free negroes to the free States. *It has been one of the most baneful causes of Abolitionism in the North.*

I agree they cannot remain very long in the slave States. The end must be that they must accept the terms of colonization, and go on the mission designed for them in Africa or elsewhere. Where else can they go? What else could have been done?

This question brings me to call your attention to *one golden opportunity* which was lost by that very blindness of fanaticism which always betrays itself and defeats its own ends. *California was the theatre for a grand development of this subject.* To have allowed her gold mines to be worked by slaves would have produced a marked revolution. Every corn field in Virginia and North Carolina, in Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, would have been emptied of black labourers, and I doubt whether many slaves would have been left to work the cotton and sugar estates of the other Southern plantations. This would *not have added a single slave to the number now in being.* It would *not have diffused slave power*, but would *rather have concentrated the slaves all comparatively in one State, and thus have weakened its federal strength in the Union; and five years of their labour in the gold mines would have enriched masters so that they could now sell them for a full market price;* and when emancipated, there was all Polynesia—and the isles of the Pacific—before them for colonization in the pleasantest places for them on earth! Oh! what a mighty opportunity was there lost for the workings of a great philanthropy, for a humanity without harm! And what was gained? Why, the demoralization of hundreds of thousands of whites by the accursed thirst and hunt for gold, such as threatens to bring down ashes from Heaven to mingle with the dust of Mammon! But I, too, perhaps, am impious in thus repining. Such an opportunity, so palpably lost, only proves, doubtless, how weak is man's wisdom—God works in His own way. He meant, may be, that the African should not be demoralized by the *dust-hunt*, but should still be taught to sow and plant, and plough and reap the crops of mother earth, and be trained to the mechanic arts, and be prepared to people *Africa*—Africa, not the isles of the Asiatics—for the African! I console myself with *that*, and that is the best solace—looking to God always, and especially to correct and prevent the mischief of many wrongs done by the violent Californian outrage. Slavery out of the question, our Constitution and form of Government were stricken the most fatal stab ever yet felt in our history, by the military introduction into the Union of that Mammon State. The severest blows at slavery in the United States which Abolitionists could have given would have been to offer bounties even to masters to take their slaves to the gold mines. But no; they were blind enough to violate the Constitution of the United States, and to justify military usurpation in the acts of Brigadier General Riley, who, *from the* CAMP, *proclaimed a Territorial government*—who, *after* thus *meeting* and *satisfying* the plea of the "*salus populi*," by organizing a *Territorial Government*, backed by a naval and military force of the United States, *went further*, and *from the camp again proclaimed* TIME, PLACE *and* MANNER of *holding elections, prescribed* the *elective franchise—gave the right of voting* to those who were *not citizens, indiscriminately to Peruvian and Patagonian*, to *Chinese* and *Chilian*, to *Mexican* and *mulatto, and to a member of Congress from Georgia;* and from this promiscuous aggregate of population *en masse—not a people in any organized sense*—exercised the highest attribute of man, next to that of Deity, *the attribute of organizing a convention which was to create, and did create, a State to be inducted into this Union!* All this was done *by a military commander from the camp*, sustained by what was called *Free Soilism!* God save the Constitution, and the civil from the domination of the military authority! But Abolitionists, warring on slavery, resorted to this extreme example to defeat what would have done more for emancipation and colonization in the next quarter of a century than all the Abolition Societies in Old England and New England can ever do upon earth! Such is the madness and vanity of fanaticism.

3. Your third question shows that your standpoint, Sir, don't enable you to judge correctly at all of the inquiries even to be made respecting slavery. Thus:

"If a slave *asserts his liberty, and runs away, do you feel that he ought to be recovered*, or has he a *natural right* to escape if he chooses?"

This question proceeds from a general and radical error among political and moral theorists who derive their systems from the worst school of English tories. This system is *absolute*, and not *relative*, and, while it pretends to some fictitious *natural* state of man, it contradicts all *nature* and the actual state of his being from the cradle to the grave. Man's *natural* state is the *social* state. The true law of the social state is the law of Christian love. Christianity, in the language of that master critic Hazlitt, "first promulgated the *equality of mankind in the community of duties and benefits.*" One set of thinkers at this day run the rule of liberty: "That *all* men are by nature equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights," &c., into the absurdity of asserting *equality as a fact pertaining* to the person as well as *to the inherent abstract right;* and another set adopt the opposite extreme, that the Declaration of our Independence and our bills of rights are all false, and that slavery is justifiable on that account. There is no such truth as either extreme, and no such meaning as either ever was intended by any of those sacred charters of o ur liberty. The equality meant by the law of our liberty, the fountain and foundation of which is the Christian code, is the "equality in a community of duties and benefits." Duties and benefits are relative, obliged to be so in every social community. Every man has an equal *right*, abstractly, to every social benefit, and one of the brightest social benefits is the right to perform the highest duties. But all *persons* are not, by the constitution of their being, equally *capable* of attaining to the *enjoyment* of these *rights*. The grades of mankind, of personal capacities and fitness for enjoyment of rights, are as clearly taught in the Christian doctrines as the law of salvation itself. The natural—that is, the social—relation of slavery was undoubtedly recognised by Christ and His apostles, and servants were enjoined to be obedient to their masters, according to the law of the flesh. Now, the law here allows my slave to assert his liberty *in the mode which it prescribes.* Here, and in every slave State, the slave may, at any time, and as often as the right is undetermined, sue "*in forma pauperis*" to obtain his freedom. But he may not *run away* to obtain it. It is against the law of his social state for him to do so. If he flies from my service to another State, the Constitution of the United States guarantees to me his reclamation and extradition. I not only lawfully may, but *ought morally* to recover his services, if I can. The confederacy binds every man, woman and child in the United States, when lawfully called on to do so, to aid me in his recapture; and, whether called on or not, not to oppose the exercise of my right to capture in a lawful way. If this be not true in regard to our slave laws, the Anti-Renters in New York, or the "*isms*," whose name is legion, anywhere, may substitute a lower as well as a higher law for the invasion of any and every description of property. He, the slave, has no natural right to escape; for his social are his natural rights, and the law of his social being forbids his choice to escape. This requires much more elaboration than I can bestow upon it. But Boston needs a lesson on obedience to the laws. A mob has blotted her fair escutcheon. Please leave this question of conscience where the responsibility lies—with the slaveholders—and preach to the people of Boston the absolute necessity of discharging *their* duty, for which they are responsible to the laws which govern this great community of States, on whose union and harmony the hopes of suffering humanity throughout the world rest. I have an abstract right to acquire any amount of property in my power. I may of right become, if I can, owner of your land, and, independent of the social law, may have as much right to it as you; but that don't authorize me to *take* your land *if I choose.* No more has the slave any authority *to take his services from his master if he chooses.* The social law fixes the conventional right, and that is the right which governs the case in either instance. No Babel-builders of them all so insultingly tower towards Heaven as those who set up a *higher law!*

4. As to the treatment of slaves, I am well-informed, and do not hesitate to say, that there is not a better provided body of labourers on earth than the negro slaves of the United States. In reply to your question—"Does Slavery west of Georgia and in the Southwest differ much as to severity from that in the eastern and central Southern States?"—I say to you that slavery nowhere in the United States, at this day, is severe. The slaves are universally fed and clothed well, and are happy and contented. Look at the tables of their increase and their ages of longevity. Look at their religious privileges; come and listen to them preach and pray, and see them dance and "*eat fat meat and lie by de fire!*"—see their masters' love for them, and their love for their masters. With white officers, I would fight a regiment of them against any foreign troops which could land on our shores. They are faithful and they are brave, and more disinterested than the white man. They are joyous in temperament, and patient as their nerves are coarse and strong. The owners love their race and its qualities better than their pseudo friends, the Abolitionists, do. Every adult slave around me has half a pound of cured bacon per day, corn meal without stint or measure of allowance, scale fish in season, shell fish nearly all the year, every vegetable and fruit of the season, and an abundance of such as they prefer, planted and sown for them. Besides this, they have crops of their own, which they sell for their own use. Not one of them who is industrious can fail to have two or three dollars a month to spend. They have no occasion to buy anything but fine clothes. They have their rations weekly of molasses, coffee, and tobacco. They are not allowed to work, and carefully nursed, when sick, and when well don't average ten hours of labour per day. They have their least days and holidays, and enjoy them more than the whites do. Here they have Easter and Whitsuntide, two days, a week after harvest, a day at August Court, three and four days each during the camp meeting seasons of the Methodist Church, to which they mostly belong, and a week at Christmas, besides the half days of Saturdays in going to see their wives. I believe that they fare *better* in the *Western* and *Southwestern* States than they do in Virginia.

5. "Is emancipation desirable or possible in any view of it, if the blacks are to remain here?" I answer *no*—emphatically *no.* I desire every one of them, for their own sakes as well as for the whites, to remain slaves while they remain here. I have emancipated one, and will never emancipate another. They are at present fit only for the patriarchal state of a Southern plantation. They are capable at present of a state only of pupilage. They can never amalgamate with the whites in this country. The cross is hybrid and against nature. Nature loathes a mulatto as much nearly as she does a mule. It is wicked to encourage a mixture of the races. Contact with the whites and free negroes demoralizes both. *We can free them as fast, and faster, than they can be colonized in some land of better promise to them.*

Do good there, Sir, by setting Boston philanthropy to work in other directions than to aid runaway slaves. Put them at removing the beam out of New-England's eye, of furnishing vessels and cargoes to the Brazilian African slave trade. Teach them charity to *masters* as well as to slaves—to men of their *own race and blood.* Teach them to fall in with God's providence in restoring civilization to Africa, by aiding the colonization of the free blacks from the United States at Liberia or elsewhere. Teach them to obey the laws, and not to teach our slaves not to obey their masters. Teach them peace, and to live in harmony with brethren of a common country, who have given to them and to it a political faith whereby they are free, and fathers of that faith, who were slaveholders, whose example and whose labours and sacrifices gave *them* institutions of liberty, of which they prove themselves unworthy whenever they abuse them to a brother's wrong.

I know nothing of the fate of Mr. Randolph's slaves. That was one only of a number of instances I could cite of the folly of emancipation to remain among the whites. They melt away like the Indian tribes the moment they migrate to the northern States.

I trust, Sir, that while I have given you a candid, I have made a decent and respectful reply. My pen has run right on, I repeat, and I am astonished to see how much I have written, and yet how much I have left unsaid.

Yours, respectfully,
HENRY A. WISE.

Rev. N. Adams, D.D., Boston.

The Underground Railroad.

ANOTHER GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT.

[From The Philadelphia Register.]

PERMIT me, through your columns, to call the attention of the American people to one of the evidences of our "greatness," already exhibited in part, and soon to be perfected.

A correspondent of the *Public Ledger*, writing from Fort Myers, Florida, conveys intelligence of a highly important character, and demonstrating clearly, that if our gallant Navy has immortalized itself, and the Pierce Administration, in the cannonading, bombardment and final burning of San Juan or Greytown, the army—ever emulous of glory—has not been behind the marine heroes in gathering laurels for itself, and adding another bright page to American history.

Here is the statement of the correspondent, which we have no doubt is correct, for no writer, who has such a nice perception of honour and honesty could possibly be guilty of exaggeration; and he appears to be so perfectly conversant with the duties of our Indian agents, our invincible soldiery (whose officers we must presume were educated at West Point, at the national charge), and what is due to our national character, that his statement should be received without doubt or demur. Hear him:

LETTER FROM FORT MYERS, FLORIDA.

Fugitive Slaves among the Indians—Demand of their Surrender—Refusal—Billy Bowlegs—Slave Arrested—Expected Fight.

FORT MYERS, FLORIDA, July 18, 1854.

Two fugitive slaves from Alabama, some eighteen months since, sought protection in Billy Bowlegs' camp, in this State. Repeated demands for their return to their master have been denied by that sovereign of the Seminoles. On the 3d of July, two of Billy's slaves, Toney and Simon, came into the camp at this place, and were immediately seized by the U. S. troops stationed here. They were heavily ironed, and placed in the custody of the camp guard, to be held by them until Bowlegs sends in the two fugitive slaves for their ransom.

Bowlegs was within two miles of this place last night. He has a guard of some 17 warriors with him. This morning, one of the negroes was brought in, and one of Billy's slaves demanded. To this demand, the Indian Agent here refused to accede. The negro was taken into custody, and will be returned to his master by the boat that conveys this letter to you.

Preparation is making for a fight, as a rescue of Billy's negroes is hourly expected. Should such an event occur, it must terminate more fatally than any slave riot that has yet occurred in this country. Uncle Sam's troops, here, consisting of three crack companies of the 2d Artillery, viz., E. K. and G., entertain no good will for the copper-coloured gents, and will show them no quarter.

There are men in this country from the North, and some from the vicinity of your mammoth city, who are carrying on an illicit trade with the Indians. They are harvesting a fortune, but should things terminate as the knowing ones predict, wo be to them.

I will inform you of the result of this new *kink* in the mode of arrest of fugitives by next mail. If it succeeds, it may be adopted in the North as well as in the "Land of Flowers." W. H.

Now, are you not ready to unite with me in our National Anthem,

"Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!"

Who so well understands how to defend the honour and liberties of your country, by stealing two of Billy Bowlegs' slaves in retaliation for the escape of two Alabama fugitives from the blessings of the "peculiar institution," who were suspected with having a preference for liberty with Billy, in his swamps and ever-glades, to slavery among the noble Caucassian race?

Should not Congress vote a pension to this upright and faithful agent, and will not each of these brave heroes, who design to give "no quarter" to "the copper-coloured gents," be entitled to a leaden medal, on one side of which should be represented a slave about to be seized by a blood-hound, and on the other "three crack companies" of our invincible army, making targets of Billy Bowlegs and his "red skins," whilst, over all, the American eagle should be seen flapping his wings in exultation?

Would not that be a beautiful representation of the working of a *Model Republic*, worthy of being handed down to posterity?

Well, it is to be hoped that Billy will learn that slaveholding is only the privilege of professed *Christians* and *Model Republicans.* How dare he have the presumption to imitate the actions of "the Chivalry," by holding slaves—*he*, an ignorant "red skin"? The assurance of these savages deserves chastisement, which our "crack companies" will doubtless bestow most effectually, since such is the will of their superiors.

Billy Bow

lar agency established in this city, with two branches of the Underground Railroad. It is laid with black rails, but its *conductors* are white men. In other words, there are associations of negroes in the city who are in correspondence with the Abolitionists, who furnish them money and advice, and who are constantly running off slaves. Chicago seems to be the centralization of negro-stealing from this community, and we have the names of some of her citizens who are engaged in it. We have lately seen a letter from a negro woman who ran away from Mr. Sappy, giving an account of her escape, whereabouts (Chicag), and the manner in which it was done. She refers in the letter to other slaves in the city, calling them by name, whom she anticipates will shortly be on, *according to agreement*, and congratulates them upon their speedy release. Before closing her missive to her sable friend, this fugitive pink seems to be in raptures at the contemplated walk she is going to have on the Lake Shore, in the company of some white ladies. The letter was obtained just in time to prevent one or two of the parties from escaping. One of them, an old negro man, had a horse and dray, and was just ready to start for Chicago, when he was nabbed and locked up in jail. A few evenings since, by the same management, several slaves belonging to Mr. Lewis, who resides near Howell's Ferry, on the Missouri River, by the aid of some white rascals, had everything prepared to leave. A skiff was ready to run them to Alton, with a white man to conduct them; but unfortunately an old negro woman, though tempted and almost promising to go, could not give up her home and her kind protectors, and told her mistress, Mr. Lewis being absent at the time, and the thing was frustrated.

We have some other items, and shall revert to this subject again. In the meantime we would advise those who have any interest in this kind of property to be wide awake.—*St. Louis Republican, August* 30.

ANOTHER RESCUE.—Some excitement was produced in Allegheny City, on Monday last, by the rescue of a coloured woman and four little children from the custody of a man calling himself Wm. Horner, from Farquhar Co., Va., and supposed to be about to carry them from that city as slaves. Horner had called with his property at the Allegheny Hotel for dinner, expecting to take the 3 o'clock train of the O. & P. Railroad for the West.

Some intelligent coloured men called upon the woman, who informed them that she and her children were slaves, but that her master was taking her West to set her free. A large number of persons, principally coloured, collected about the hotel, and, after an hour's deliberation, concluded that, having been brought to Pennsylvania by their master, and by the act entitled to freedom, the mother and children might as well enjoy their liberty then and there as to go further and perhaps fare worse. The hotel was therefore entered, and they were carried triumphantly away, just before the leaving of the cars. Mr. Horner, who left by the cars without his "niggers," as he called them, informed the passengers that they were willed free by his sister, who died about a year ago, and that he was carrying them West to find them a home. Possibly his statement may have been true; but as the holders of "this species of property," as James Madison would say, have a habit of lying in such cases, it would be folly to credit the statement, without better proof than his assertion. If Horner had in his possession sufficient proof that their freedom was secured (and he had no business to travel under circumstances so suspicious without such evidence), he had abundant time to produce it, as the crowd were around the hotel a full hour before the rescue took place; yet he did not make his appearance. In his stead, however, if not in his employ, I observed a well dressed man in the crowd, with the countenance of a Methodist preacher, but professing to be a lawyer, who did his utmost to dissuade the people from committing so great an outrage as to carry the "poor creatures" away. He assured the coloured people that he was no friend to slavery, but that if they were slaves, the master had the law on his side, and all efforts to free them would be useless; whereas, if the woman's statement that they were to be freed was true, he feared greatly their ill treatment of the master might cause him to abandon his benevolent intention, and sell them to the South! He was reminded that whatever might have been their condition in Virginia, having been brought into a free State, they were free. This he stoutly denied, declaring that the most ignorant coloured person present knew better. As, however, no ignorant coloured man assented to his doctrine, he informed them he was a lawyer, and of course, having made these things his study, ought to know. He was informed that if he was, as he claimed, a lawyer, he *knew that he was lying*, as he could not utter such an untruth without knowing it to be such. Finding his efforts thrown away, he withdrew, at length, in disgust; and I observed him gazing at a distance, rather in sorrow than in anger—though not entirely devoid of the latter—at the denouement.

I observed that some of the Pittsburgh papers represent Mr. Horner's statement, as to the freedom of the coloured people, as probably correct. *Possibly* it may be so; but I see not what better course could, under the circumstances, have been adopted than the one pursued. After Abby Kelly Salem was carried away from our station, a week ago, the master declared, notwithstanding his former statement to the contrary, that she was a *free child*. Had we believed his statement, Abby would now have been a slave in Tennessee, and her master laughing with his friends at the stupidity of the Abolitionists. Better that ninety and nine free persons should be "rescued" than that one man-thief should pass, with his human prey, unmolested through a free State.

Having been, by accident, present at the Allegheny rescue, I write from observation.
—*A. S. Bugle.*] JAMES BARNABY.

A WOMAN APPARENTLY WHITE SURRENDERED TO SLAVERY.—*Fourth District Court*,—A rather singular case came before this court yesterday. Some days since a woman named Pelagie was arrested as a fugitive slave, who had lived for more than twelve years in this city as a free woman. She was so nearly white that few could detect any traces of her African descent. She was arrested at the instance of a man named Raby, who claimed her as belonging to an estate of which he is heir at law. She was conveyed to the First District guard-house for safe keeping, and while there she stated to Acting Recorder Filleul that she was free, had never belonged to Raby, and had been in the full and unquestionable enjoyment of her freedom in this city for the above mentioned period. She also stated that she had a house well furnished, which she was in the habit of letting out in rooms. About this time a lawyer appeared before the Recorder and stated that the woman was born in slavery, and now belonged to a man in Mississippi.

He produced a bill of sale which corroborated his assertion, and which stated that in a certain number of years she was to be set free. This being a sort of triangular fight, the woman, Raby and the lawyer forming the corners, the recorder found himself somewhat at a loss what to do, and as Raby pressed his claim, the recorder advised him to apply to one of the district courts. Accordingly he applied to the Fourth District Court and took a rule on Acting Recorder Filleul to show cause why a mandamus should not be issued compelling him to deliver up the woman. Mr. Filleul appeared before the court and stated the circumstances mentioned. Judge Reynolds decided, however, that Raby was the owner of the woman and ordered the rule to be made absolute and a writ of mandamus to be issued upon Acting Recorder Filleul for the surrender of the slave. The issuing of the writ, however, was rendered unnecessary by the declaration of Mr. Filleul that the order of the court was sufficient, and that he would at once order the woman's release. Time, however, has been given to her to prove her freedom, and also to the lawyer to prove the validity of the bill of sale.—*New Orleans Picayune, September* 6.

DEATH OF A FUGITIVE.—The Troy (N. Y.) *Times* says, a negro lady died in this city last week of a long and severe disease, whose history is one of interest and of a romantic nature. She was born a slave in Virginia, and early sold to a negro-trader, who took her to Alabama, and she was there again disposed of to one of the cotton-growers of that State. Her new owner soon discovered that she was not a proper person to work in the cotton-field, beneath the hot sun of that almost tropical region, and she was again sold to a family residing in the State of North Carolina, with whom she lived for a considerable number of years. During her residence with this family, she became the mother of three children, from whom she was separated by being sold to another family residing in her native State of Virginia—was brought to Philadelphia by her owners as a family servant, but she concluded to embrace the opportunity the laws of Pennsylvania afforded to declare her allegiance to no man. She accordingly announced her determination to be free, and bidding farewell to her owners, started for this city. She arrived here and entered into the service of one of our clergymen, in whose family she resided for a number of years. She became an exemplary member of his church, and often at the social meetings of the congregation she would relate the circumstances of her conversion in a manner which would bring tears to the eyes of the entire assembly. She was never heard to speak of the slaves of the South, but, often prayed to God that the slaveholders might become acquainted with the error of their ways and cease their traffic in human flesh and blood. Of her children she would sometimes exclaim—"Oh, I dare not think of them!" After years of suffering, she has been released by the hand of death.

FUGITIVE SLAVE ARRESTED IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Last Saturday night, about ten o'clock, a coloured girl called at Mrs. Grove's boarding house, and stated that she wished to see Captain Forte, of the schooner H. W. Johnson. Upon seeing the captain she said, that Captains Menton and Smith presented their compliments to him, and requested him to take her to New York, whither Captain Forte is to sail in a few days. Captain Forte asked if she was free, and her answer not being satisfactory, he had some doubt as to the propriety of acceding to her request, especially as Menton and Smith were names totally unknown to him. However, he told her he would see about it, and desired her to call the day following.

She did so, at about 10 o'clock on Sunday night, when, after a few interrogatories, Captain F. became convinced she was a fugitive. He then locked her up, and proceeded to the guard-house to give the necessary information. On his way to the guard-house, when near the corner of Queen and Church streets, three men came towards him, and one of them, in quite a threatening manner, insisted on his taking the girl to New York, Capt. F. drew a revolver and requested the parties not to interfere with him. They then produced a purse, and said the captain should have the contents if he would comply. He declined, however, and gave the information to the guard, which resulted in her being lodged in the work-house to await the application of the owner. Who the owner is does not appear. The girl gave for herself, first, the name of Emma, and afterwards that of Margaret. She stated that she was free, but gives no evidence to authenticate the fact.

"Have ye heard of our hunting, o'er mountain and glen,
Through cane brake and forest—the hunting of men?"

I have heard of a recent hunting excursion in Chester County, which I think ought to be noticed by the county press, for the benefit of those concerned. The facts of the case appear to be as follows: Some years since, a Mrs. H., down South, had possession of a child which she called her slave, but on account of his being *white* she gave him away for the purpose of obtaining his freedom. The boy was brought to this county and placed in a respectable family, where he was brought up and educated as a white boy, and but few ever knew that he had any relationship with slaves. This harvest, the said Mrs. H., accompanied by ———, of this county, have been riding about our hills and vallies in search of the said boy. I understand they allege that the estate to which he belonged is likely to be insolvent, and that the said Mrs. H. has been called on to return the boy, or pay for him; and so

"Her foot's in the stirrup—her hand on the rein,
How blithely she rides to the hunting of men!"

But the hunt has been a fruitless one. The parties have caught nothing but disgrace and dishonourable notoriety. The boy got wind of the pack upon his track, and being now some 15 or 16 years of age, thought himself able to take care of his own concerns; and not wishing to go to a warm climate, left for parts unknown.

"Oh! goodly and grand is our hunting to see,
In this land of the brave and this home of the free."
—*West Chester* (*Pa.*) *Ind. Herald.* ELBERT.

A QUEER FUNERAL.—A correspondent of the Norwich (Conn.) *Examiner* writes:

"Between fifteen and twenty slaves commenced a stampede from one of the southern States not long since, and arrived safely in a city of the West, which is somewhat famous as a gateway out of the house of bondage, when to their utter consternation, they found that their movements had been anticipated, and every avenue leading from the city was watched day and night for their apprehension. What was to be done? It was hard to think of going back. Scouts reported that it was impossible to elude the vigilance of a well-paid, numerous and unscrupulous police, which was surrounding the city as a body guard. Those who think coloured people do not know enough to take care of themselves, would have given their case up as hopeless. But not so they. Thinking that even a hireling slave-catcher would suffer a funeral procession to pass unmolested upon the public road, a number of carriages were hired, coffin and hearse also procured, and on a summer's afternoon, the careless, passing throng saw, as they supposed, a coloured funeral procession slowly winding its way out of the city. The cortege attracted little attention, quietly and without interruption, it passed several miles beyond the town, where wagons were in waiting. Hearse and carriages were then dismissed, and near a score of the happy children of this model republic (!) went rattling along, under the friendly cover of night, as fast as possible toward Victoria's cold domains."

THE REASON WHY.—The pro-slavery press are rejoicing over the fact that a slave woman, traveling in Ohio, with her master and mistress, refused to claim her freedom when brought before the Court on a writ of *habeas corpus*. She had been told by her master that Ohio was a slave State, but ascertaining that this was not the case, that she was in a free State, she expressed a desire for her liberty, and steps were taken to secure it. But when the question was presented, freedom *without her children*, or slavery with them, she chose the latter. To the question of the persons who had interested themselves in her behalf "do you wish to be free?" her answer was, "yes; but when I think of my children at home and especially my babe, I cannot think of staying here and leaving them in slavery." When the question was asked by the Court "will you stay here?" She replied, "No; I want to be free, but I want my children—my *baby* anyhow—to be with me. I never can be happy without my baby." And this is what the doughfaces of the North rejoice over—that a mother's affection for her children is so strong as to make her repress her desires for liberty, and induce her to endure longer the wrongs of slavery. No one who has a heart to feel will envy such beings.—*Columbian, Columbus, Ohio.*

Ran Away—$250 Reward.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber at the Gall House, in this city, on the night of the 15th inst., a bright mulatto woman named Polly, aged about forty years. She has a long full suit of hair, a little curly, and a blemish on her right hand, caused by a burn which stiffens her fingers. She has a quantity of good clothing, and most of the time dresses in black. Her general appearance is modest and genteel. I will give the above reward for her if taken out of Kentucky, or $100 if in this city or State and secured so that I can get her. MRS. ELLEN A. JARVIS.

We find the above advertisement in the last Louisville *Journal*. We hope the agents of the Underground Railroad will look out for Polly, when she arrives at this station, and be particular to make her comfortable and safe. Perhaps it would be a good idea to keep her here until Senator Douglas comes home, and let her be the "nigger" that he is determined to send back to slavery.

"Long black hair, well dressed, modest and genteel." That will do very well! We think we see Douglas sending her back to Mrs. Ellen A. Jarvis now! The $250 will come so opportunely also, to defray the expenses of the Douglas Demonstration, which is to be gotten up. It is really quite a God send!

SLAVES IN THE TERRITORIES.—A correspondent of this paper, writing from Fremont County, Iowa, July 18, says:

As straws show the direction of the wind, so incidents like the following indicate a disposition on the part of those in authority to extend slavery over all our territorities. The friends of freedom ought to be awake, for its foes are ever on the alert.

On the evening of the 4th instant, a Mormon preacher, with his family and six slaves, from the State of Mississippi, on their way to Salt Lake, camped in this immediate neighbourhood. Whether stimulated by thoughts associated with the anniversary of our national independence, or mindful of the apostolic injunction, "If thou mayest be free, use it rather," I cannot tell, but on the next morning five of the six were missing, and a fortnight's diligent search has not yet arrested them.

Does not the fact that a Mormon preacher emigrates with his slaves to Utah render it pretty certain that the authorities in Utah are favourable to the introduction of slavery in that territory? Respectfully yours, J. T.
—*Independent.*

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—We have incidentally learned that a fugitive slave, or rather two of them, a father with his child 2 1-2 years old, passed through this village on Sabbath last, for Canada. The immediate cause of this flight from Maryland was the dread of being separated from his child, for which his master was offered $125. He himself appeared, it is said, to have suffered severely from the influence of this patriarchal institution, a brutal overseer having knocked out an eye, and otherwise mutilated him, in a fit of drunken passion. These evils he patiently endured, but the dread of being separated from his little son winged his flight from the land of bondage to the home of the oppressed. His only guide through his weary night wandering was the north star—to the slave the star of Bethlehem. From the facility with which slaves navigate by the stars, we must suppose that their masters teach them astronomy. This must be seen to, and Douglas must introduce a bill and have the North Pole removed, and made to point down south, it being, as it now stands, a decided Abolitionist.—*Southern Tier Times, Owego, Aug.* 30.

NEGRO STEALING.—A writer in the *Harrodsburgh Ploughboy* makes some revelations in regard to the plans resorted to by the Abolitionists to kidnap negroes. He says: "The negro slave that was captured by Mr. Morgan, of the Jeffersonville Railroad, belonged to Mr. James C. McAfee, of Mercer County; and the negro states that he was decoyed off by two peddlers in a covered wagon, one of whom has been selling jewelry in this county, and the other peddling clocks—or at all events he has been to several places fixing clocks. There is still a third suspicious character, pretending to peddle books, against whom I would warn the citizens of Mercer. The two who persuaded McAfee's boy off, armed with a six-barreled revolver and a bowie-knife, took him across the Ohio River and gave him a ticket for the Jeffersonville road. The writer of this understands from other sources that the Abolitionists of Ohio have formed a society that contributes so much weekly for paying these rascally peddlers $50 for every slave they deliver upon the west bank of the Ohio River."

A RUNAWAY NEGRO SHOT.—Three men, residents of Fort Pickering, we believe, night before last got in pursuit of a runaway negro, and in their eagerness to capture him and thus secure the reward offered for his apprehension, they fired several shots at him, one of which took effect, breaking two of his ribs. The wound, though severe, is not considered a dangerous one. The man who fired the successful shot, immediately made off, and is supposed to be now lurking about Fort Pickering. The police were on the search for him yesterday, but he had not been arrested at last accounts. His accomplices conveyed the wounded negro to the calaboose for safe-keeping, and on the City Marshal learning the facts he put *them* under arrest, and placed them under lock and key.—*Memphis Whig, Aug.* 16.

ANOTHER RIGHTEOUS JUDGE.—A slave hunt came off a few days ago on our old "stamping ground," Hamilton, Butler County. A negro had acted out the Declaration of Independence, by leaving Kentucky. At Hamilton certain marshals arrested him and in the proceeding he was brought before his Honour, Judge Wilking, of the Probate Court, who was not long finding out whose man he was, because the Judge holds that every man belongs to God and to himself. So he discharged the man from custody, who took the first train northward by the Underground.

That night, we guess the Judge slept sweetly in the consciousness of having relieved the oppressed, and helped a man to seize the boon of Liberty.—*Ashtabula* (*Ohio*) *Sentinel.*

The *Muscatine* (Iowa) *Journal* of Sept. 3, details with great minuteness the unsuccessful pursuit made by a gentleman of Monroe County, in search of two of his slaves who had run away from his residence. The slaves were a woman and her child, and they had been assisted in getting away by the husband of the woman, who belonged to a man living in another county. They took two of the Doctor's best horses with them. He availed himself of every possible means to recapture his slaves but without success. On his arrival at Rock Island he ascertained that five fugitive slaves had been deposited in Chicago from the Rock Island and Chicago Railroad, and he gave up the chase as fruitless.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.—The *Louisville Democrat* a noisy "popular sovereignty" paper, of the Douglas stripe, has the following:

"Mat. Minnis, a mulatto, who for several years was a newspaper carrier at the *Journal* office and *Democrat* office, has written a cool, saucy letter to us, announcing his 'safe arrival at Chatham,' in Canada. He belonged to Mrs. Virden, of Louisville, and worked in our office until some three or four weeks ago, when she took him away and made an engagement, we learn, at the *Journal* office. She supposed he was there at work; but, on the contrary, we are informed that he loafed about the city for a few days, and then made off to Canada.

NIP AND TUCK.—The Niagara Falls *Iris* says that a slave escaping from servitude arrived in that village on Tuesday evening, and reached the ferry just in time to get into the little boat as it was preparing to leave for the Canada side. His master was on the same train in pursuit, and reached the ferry only in time to see his chattel midway across the foaming waters of the Niagara. The slave was last seen by the master at Cleveland; yet, although both were on the same train, the fugitive succeeded in eluding his vigilance and placing himself beyond pursuit.

ESCAPING FROM THE "LAND OF THE FREE."—The *Jonesville* (Mich.) *Telegraph* says that five slaves passed through that village on Wednesday night last, to Canada. The citizens passed round the hat and got up a good contribution and sent them on their winding way rejoicing on the Underground Railroad. The slaves were from Kentucky.

STANDARD OFFICE REMOVED.—The Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from 142 to 138 Nassau street, on the corner of Beekman, and directly over the Counting Room of the *Daily Times*. The new office, like the old one, is at the head of the first flight of stairs, first door after turning to the right.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1854.

☞ SPECIAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—In accordance with a vote passed at the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in New York, in May last, its Executive Committee hereby give notice, that a Special Meeting of the Society will be held in Syracuse, N. Y., on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, September 29 and 30 (commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.), to which all who deplore the existence of slavery in our country are cordially invited, whatever may be their views as to the best mode of effecting the overthrow of this terrible system of wrong and outrage. Our platform is free to all who choose to stand upon it—to slaveholders and their apologists, as well as to those who are for the immediate liberation of all who are in bondage—as we believe our cause to be holy and invincible, our principles eternal and immutable, and our measures wise and effective. Wherein we err, either in sentiment or action, we desire to be enlightened; hence, "free discussion" is our motto. To the true and uncompromising friends of liberty, we need not make any urgent appeal to secure their cheering presence and valuable counsel, as far as practicable, at the approaching meeting. They know what the crisis demands, will remember their obligations, and be prompt in the discharge of their duties. But we strongly solicit the attendance of such as are yet only partially interested in the subject, or have yet to learn what connection the North sustains with the South in relation to slavery, or imagine that, individually, they have no responsibility whatever for the continuance of that "sum of all villanies" in our otherwise favoured land. The struggle in which we are engaged is neither sectional nor complexional, but broad as the whole country, relating to MAN as distinguished from the BRUTE, and seeking the liberty and happiness of all classes.

Distinguished speakers from various parts of the country will be present; and the proverbial hospitality of the liberty-loving citizens of Syracuse will be extended, to the extent of their ability, to such as may come from a distance.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, } Secretaries.

☞ JERRY RESCUE CELEBRATION.—The Third Anniversary is at hand of that enterprise which, in the future history of our country, will be commemorated as not less magnanimous in the spirit which prompted it, nor less beneficent in its effects upon the subsequent welfare of our nation, than the destruction of the Tea in the Harbour of Boston in 1773.

On the 1st of October, 1851, an attempt was made, in the city of Syracuse, to ENSLAVE a man, under the sanction of the infernal Fugitive Slave Act of March 7th, 1850. The people of the city and of the county rose with almost one accord, and rescued him from the hands of his official kidnappers, animated by that faith which was taught by the fathers of the American Revolution, "*that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God.*"

All ye, men and women of every religious and political name, of this County, State and Nation, who abhor slavery, who have respect for the inalienable rights of man, and who would redeem our republic from the dominion of a most unscrupulous oligarchy of Slaveholders, come, if you can, and rejoice together with the Rescuers of Jerry in the achievement of the day to be celebrated.

The celebration will take place on Saturday, Sept. 30th, in the city of Syracuse. The meeting will be called to order at 9 o'clock, A.M.

Hon. Gerrit Smith, William Lloyd Garrison and Frederick Douglass will be present; probably also Lucy Stone, and other distinguished friends and advocates of the rights of humanity.

SAMUEL J. MAY, LUTHER LEE, JAMES FULLER, } Sub-Committee.

SLAVERY AND THE NORTH.

IT has become quite common to hear of the servility of the North to the South, the subjection of the power representing freedom to the proud and imperious claims of slavery. The fact seems undeniable; the cause is less open. We have become accustomed to hear it charged upon cowardice or kindred principles. The politician who yields to the controlling influence, the preacher who maintains silence or vindicates the wrong, the scholar who smooths it over by gentle words, the man of business who quarrels with all agitation for the removal of slavery, all, in a word, who stand aloof from the great movement of the age and country, are regarded as not only false to the truth, but false to their own sentiments and convictions. Such, indeed, they may sometimes be. Let us, however, inquire whether our effort to overcome their reluctance to go with us may not be directed to some other point than this alleged falseness to conviction. The same men evince no special defect of courage when their courage, that is, their heartiness, their sincere and earnest feeling, is engaged. A tariff, a doctrine, a bargain, a poem, a thousand other things, call them out to speech and action far enough from weakness and cowardice. The North has fought amidst the greatest perils, and is just as ready to fight now through equal perils; only let the heart be gained. In behalf of emancipation the heart of the North has not been gained. Against it, on the contrary, the heart of the North is, from various causes, set in strong aversion. To illustrate this position, we may look at the state of sentiment presented by various classes of its population.

Of those with whom the anti-slavery sentiment is a serious, deeply-wrought, religious principle—a conscious power of their nature—there are possibly but few. To the voice which has been so long crying in the wilderness, these few have gathered in response; they still encourage it; they rejoice to hear it lifted up like a trumpet; they help to swell its tones of solemn denunciation. But, we may repeat, these are few; they are scattered, moreover, all over the North, far from each other; they have little opportunity for coöperation, and, even if they had, their vast numerical minority would put them out of thought as a fraction almost too small to be counted. Let it not be thought that they are powerless; but their power is measured neither by number nor by recognised influence.

Next to these comes that large body, combined with greater or less compactness, of men seeking, through political agencies, to bring slavery within constitutional limits. Among them, however, we may find diversities of thought and feeling. A portion—a large portion, let us trust—are sincerely attached to the great idea of universal freedom; all which they do has for its motive and end the establishment of this, just so fast and so far as their power reaches. Others, however, may feel no solicitude of such a kind. They really wish to resist the aggressions of slavery; they might stand apart from all aggressions upon slavery. If slavery will but let them alone, they might have no objection to let it alone. This latter class, be it larger or smaller, we may dismiss from the enumeration of anti-slavery men. They may be neither dishonest nor timid; but their souls are not penetrated by the enthusiasm of freedom. But the whole body, even including these, is likewise a small minority; dropping them, we need only say, becomes considerably smaller. We have thus exhausted the amount of organized and palpable aggression on the domain of slavery.

We may grant that, to this very day, sincere attachment to the principles which both avow lingers among individual members of the older parties. We may grant, also, that the same attachment, consecrated by the religious belief and feeling, remains unextinguished among the various sects. And here may be the limit bounding our concessions. We are left at the very North with a minority—a minority completely overshadowed by numbers on the other side—earnestly devoted to the love and pursuit of universal freedom.

Are the rest cowards, time-servers, apostates to their own consciences? Some may possibly be; let us not judge them thus. Another charge lies against them, well-substantiated, which we have a right to pronounce without any imputation of harsh judgment. They see millions—their countrymen, their brothers and sisters, children of the same Father, redeemed by the same Saviour, destined to the same immortality—doomed to helpless slavery, suffering whatever the caprice, the violence or the interest of their masters may prompt them to inflict. They see multitudes, their countrymen also, their brothers and sisters, associated with them by divine and imperishable relations, bringing on themselves the guilt of assuming and exercising this enormous despotism, and not unfrequently carrying it out to its natural results of brutal cruelty and more brutal lust. They see the victim and the tyrant. They sustain the tyrant; they refuse to plead and labour for the victim. The reason is, their sympathy is with the slaveholder; it is not with the slave. It is a mere accident, the South having slaves, the North not. The spirit, the essential element of which slavery is compact, knows nothing of North and South. The famed Mason and Dixon's line does not intersect it, nor so much as touch it. And the North yields to the Slave Power, simply because the Slave Power predominates in the heart of the North. Its predominance is oftener questioned at the North than at the South; but its predominance is as real here as there. The North has strength, if it had will; there is back-bone, as the phrase has been for several years, if it had eye, head, heart, to take it up or guide it. But it neither sees, for the film which covers the southern eye darkens the northern; nor thinks, for the resolution of the South to suppress thought is also the resolution of the North; nor feels, for the North, not less than the South, shuts from its view the facts which would quicken, if seen, the heartier pulsations. The North is not subject to the South; but South and North are both subject to the demonism whose throne is in the South, but whose temples cover the lame, and whose elfin ministers slip unseen into our markets, our schools, our churches, and our houses. The Caliban in heart looks an Ariel in shape, and, luckier than his prototype in the drama, pollutes the virgin soul, and peoples the country with his own kindred.

Let it not be thought too metaphysical—Abolitionism is itself an American form of metaphysics—if we add, that, besides the commonwealth of slavery, reaching through the whole Union, by its various channels and alliances of constitution, of statute, of commerce, of interest, of social and domestic connection, and whatever other external affinity there may be, slavery itself is but one organization of principles essentially the same even when this organization does not exist. Slavery is ambition, pride, avarice, or lust, projected from the heart into the deed, organized by the action of society, sanctioned by mis-called and misinterpreted religion. But selfishness, its several forms of ambition, of pride, of avarice, of lust, are able to create for themselves other organisms than this, and under those other organisms they may be found everywhere. They are not shut up in Washington or Charleston. They may find place and habitation in Boston or New York. Now, wherever selfishness is dominant; wherever ambition runs its course for power; wherever pride boasts itself of its virtues; wherever avarice thirsts for gain, and grows by that it is able to reach; wherever lust imbrutes the spirit, or rather fires it with demoniac fury, there is the commonwealth, we might say the communion, of slavery. All the sin in the North, all the falsehood in the North, as all the sin and all the falsehood everywhere, and in the heart as well as the deed, is portion of that huge and savage despotism which, with various shapes and names, is always the same in nature.

It is a searching test. We call ourselves lovers of universal freedom. We belong to the realm of slavery, and are doing its behests, and strengthening its power, by every act of self-indulgence, by every base passion, by every feeling which, consummated, generates slavery. This is no fastidious niceness of thought; it is the sober reality of fact.

And it suggests the thing to be done. The North is not to be chided into courage; there will be courage enough when there is heart enough; determination, not only to resist slavery, but to push it, to drive, to pursue, to pierce, to destroy, just so soon as slavery shall be seen and felt to be alien and an enemy. It is fostered now, not for want of decision, but for want of insight and faith.

"Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk."

But what if there is neither virtue to do nor sight to see? Having eyes, we see not; having ears, we hear not; the heart of the American people is hardened. The North itself, usually thought to see with tolerable clearness, to feel about right, only lacking strength and boldness to enact its vision, to clothe its sentiment with firm deed, is essentially, radically, obstinately, blind, callous; lacking the heart to love and choose the right; devoid of the genuine enthusiasm which will go where there is a path, and open the way where there is none, and surmount Alpine heights though there be hostilities on every side, and ragged cliffs and smooth ice lifting themselves above us as if to pierce the very skies.

DR. ADAMS AND MR. WISE.

IT would hardly be true to say that there are no great men in the present age of the Great Republic except those who have distinguished themselves for the boldness with which they repudiate wisdom and avow folly; but it is certainly true that the royal road to distinction is fool-hardiness, and that he who achieves it soonest is the man who burthens himself the least with any considerations of virtue, good sense, or any of those attributes of character which sober and thinking men most value. Fame and notoriety have become interchangeable terms, and, in popular estimation, the man who is notorious is also held to be famous, in the better sense of that term. The 'Angel Gabriel,' who blows a brazen trumpet in all public places before him ere commencing some incoherent gabble on the 'whore of Babylon,' or the Rev. Dr. Cox, who will play the Merry Andrew to anybody's Convention, in the parti-coloured dress and tinkling bells of the ineffable absurdity of the Coxian tongue, are often held to be just as great men as some true apostle who may go into the highways to preach the Gospel, or some devout and holy man whose words are rich and heavy with wisdom and grace. So a Foot, in the United States Senate, achieves greatness because his audacity and his capacity at blackguardism is unlimited and immeasurable; and at the other end of the Capitol, a few years since, one Henry A. Wise also became famous, and one of the great men of his generation, because there was no absurdity that he would stop to boggle at, no place where even angels might hesitate to tread that he feared to enter, and no outrage upon common sense or common morality that he would hesitate to commit.

Of late years, Mr. Wise has been rather out of sight, and was chiefly remembered for his remarkable boast—a good specimen-brick wherewith the greatness we have alluded to is built—that there was not a single newspaper in his whole Congressional District; and that he had the hardihood once to enter the lists of debate with John Quincy Adams, and came out of that encounter a spectacle to gods and men. It was time that he rubbed up the public recollection of him, and asserted anew his claim to be one of our great men. He has done it accordingly, as the reader may see by turning to the first page of this week's paper.

The other party to this remarkable correspondence is a reverend gentleman of Boston, hitherto not unknown in the history of the anti-slavery cause. He has two or three times before put himself in a conspicuous attitude before the public, and has always so chosen his opportunity that he was sure of attracting the public attention, and of making, if it were possible for him to do so, a damaging mark upon the cause. His first appearance, if we remember right, was many years ago, when the question of the public speaking of women was first mooted, and doubtless many of the sisters of the Church were saved from that sin, or from countenancing it in others, by the reverend Doctor's timely exhortations. Perhaps his next effort was in behalf of the Fugitive Slave law, and he certainly had no doubt then as to whether a runaway slave ought to be recovered, nor would he have admitted, even by way of argument, that there is any such thing as a natural right to escape in a legal bondman. It is because of the preaching of Dr. Adams, and such as he, that Sims and Burns have been led captive through the streets of Boston; and having advocated the return of fugitives then, when he was, it seems, under such misapprehensions as to the condition of slaves, though he must still have thought it a very happy one, it is not too much to expect, now that his misapprehensions are removed, and he has had so many "agreeable disappointments," that he will advocate, in the book he promises, the establishment in Massachusetts of a system so full of beatitudes for the benefit of the working people. We do not well see how he can do less, thinking so much better of slavery now than he ever did before; for of all the clergymen of the North who have never been able to see anything but good in it, Dr. Adams has been the foremost.

It is refreshing to see, in this case, as in all similar ones, that the Southern overseer is altogether ungrateful to his Northern voluntary coadjutor in the defence of slavery. "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing," would be a very proper answer for such aid; but when the aid is offered unasked, it is pleasant to see that the creeping animal get's a dog's treatment, and is kicked for his pains. If Dr. Adams has any friends, and so distinguished a divine, of course, is not without them, they, however the Doctor himself may feel about it, must blush with shame and indignation that he has put himself in a position to be so catechised and berated by this Southern braggart. In his personalities, at least, Mr. Wise is logical, though he is so nowhere else. What right, indeed, has a Northern man, who has never opened his mouth to speak of slavery, except in its defence, who thinks its existence a "plan of mercy" of God's own devising, and has received even "new views of the comfort and happiness" of the slaves—what right has he, with his petty human wisdom, to meddle or make in the matter, to propose any attempt to hasten the unfolding of the Divine method? Mr. Wise's rebuke of his reverend correspondent is deserved and opportune, whether it be applied to the hypocritical pretence of interest in the slaves, or to the proposed conspiracy to "crush out" Abolitionism by some new combination between Northern and Southern pro-slavery men.

Mr. Wise, we believe, is a Presidential candidate, in common with everybody else who has ever been a Congressman or a tide-waiter, and, with a proper nomination, would, without doubt, find plenty of friends at the North. At all events, he represents a class at the South, and his letter, therefore, is worth reading as an exposition of a popular view of the subject there. For other reasons it is still more worth reading, and, notwithstanding its length, will richly repay a careful perusal. That its arguments, if by any stretch of courtesy they can be called such, should be inconsistent with each other, was to be expected; that its method should be blasphemous is perfectly natural; that its whole plan and structure should be wildly absurd is quite in keeping with all that we know of the character of the man; and that it should breathe the very spirit of tyranny, and be filled with the very essence of the manners and morals of a negro-driver, is a matter of course; but the thing above all that should most command our wonder, and most excite to reflection, is that this tissue of blasphemy, absurdity, overseerism and brutality should be addressed to, at his own request, and received by a reverend Doctor of Divinity, who passes in his own community for a decent, a respectable and a pious man. Provocative as the letter is of thorough criticism, we are compelled to leave it with this single comment.

THE SLAVE QUESTION IN CANADA.

THE question of slavery is creeping into Canadian politics, as a consequence of the large emigration thither from our Southern States. An imaginary line only dividing the Provinces and the States, it is no more than was to be expected that the prejudices of our own people should take root and bear fruit in due season when the coloured people should become sufficient in numbers to make them an object of interest and attention. Fortunately, however, they become, at the same time, a power in the State, and some, from interested motives, more, we trust, for a better reason, will be found on their side, and altogether indisposed to follow the poor fugitives, in the land of their adoption, with the persecution from which they fled in the land of their birth. But that a struggle is to come is evident. Sir Allen McNab, who has been called by Lord Elgin to form a new Ministry, and who is now the President of the Executive Council, owes his election, and of course his present position, to the votes of coloured people. There are a good many fugitives in his District who gave him their votes, under the impression, it is said, that annexation would be a leading measure of the opposite—the radical—party; they voted, therefore, for the tory candidate under a fear of being returned to slavery, if the opposition should gain the ascendancy.

The annexation of Canada, we think, is not likely to occur at present; and if it should, it is hardly possible that the British Government would leave that portion of their subjects alluded to to become a prey to the slave-hunters of the Union. Still, stranger things have happened, and it is well that the coloured Canadians should be on their guard. It is evident that their sacrifice is a part of the policy of 'Young Canada,' if it be true, as the *Tribune* asserts, that a Mr. Larwell, M.P., proposes to move the following amendment to the resolutions in reply to the speech from the Throne:

"That all the words after the word 'That' in the 12th paragraph be struck out, and the following words inserted in lieu thereof: 'This House will gladly show a liberal spirit and friendly disposition toward the United States, for their generous conduct in legislating upon this matter [Reciprocity]; and that, in proof of such disposition on their part, the Provincial Legislature will hereafter exact from Negro immigrants a poll tax equal in amount to that now imposed upon other foreigners—will not incorporate any associations for the special benefit of men of colour as a class, and will discourage the promotion of any institution the object and end whereof would be a junction with the Abolitionists of the Northern States, to bring about a severance of the American Union.'"

Perhaps even this suggestion comes from the South, for the slave-power never slumbers, and is watchful of its own interests the world over. At any rate, it is a rather curious coincidence that, just at this moment, when the subject has come up in Canada, it should be exciting the attention of the Southern press. A late number of the Charleston (S. C.) *Mercury* copies approvingly the following article from *The Times*, a paper published in Columbia, the Capital of that State:

"FUGITIVE SLAVES—TREATY WITH ENGLAND FOR THEIR RENDITION.—It is the object of Government to protect property. Every government has a right to define what shall constitute property, and to provide for the redress of all injuries to it. Under these general principles the United States have recognised slaves as property, and provided for their redemption when they escape from their masters. More than this, Great Britain has made compensation for slaves stolen by her troops from American citizens, at the requisition of the Federal Government. Upon the principle recognised in this demand, and the conc

fellow-citizens? Would not this be the worst sort of class-legislation, and the most unjustifiable and outrageous arraignment of the rich against the poor?

The *Post*, if it took the trouble to answer these questions at all, might reply that. it is nothing to us whether slavery is right or wrong, but that we are concerned with certain evil consequences resulting therefrom, and that therefore it behooves us to check the growth of the system. We might rejoin with an illustration: Suppose the manufacturing interest of Massachusetts had become a power in the State, should have its two Senators in the United States Senate, and its Representatives in the Lower House of Congress, and should make a bad use of the influence, which by such means it was enabled to acquire; could we therefore, justly, through the force of numbers, prevent any citizen from entering new territory except under a penalty of not employing his capital in spinning yarn or cotton? He may again use, indeed, his wealth and his power for a bad purpose, and against that we may guard and arm ourselves. But granting his right to spin, he may go spin where he pleases, and to infringe upon that right is to infringe upon his natural right and his right of citizenship.

If slavery is not wrong we certainly have nothing to do with it; if there is any such thing as legitimate property in slaves we shall as certainly commit an outrage if we attempt its invasion. But it is because the assumption of such a right of property is an infringement of divine law; because slavery in its very essence, in all its relations, in every possible ramification, is an outrage upon humanity, that we are called upon to check its extension, to watch it to its own destruction, to cripple it whenever it ventures from its strong-hold, to starve it where it has gained a lodgment, and in every way wherever we can without violating our pledged faith, and our own conscience, wage perpetual war against it. On this ground, and this alone, we may and must keep it out of the Territories if we can; and for precisely the same reasons we may and ought to compass, if possible its destruction everywhere; and if we have entered into any bargain whereby we have bound ourselves to let it alone, the sooner we free ourselves from any such corrupt entanglement the better, in order that we may fully and freely enter upon the work of its complete demolition. It would be well if that large class whose indignation has been aroused by a repeal of the Missouri Compromise should comprehend this principle and see where it will carry them. The *Post*, of course, sees it quite as plainly as we do, and if, fortunately, its eye shall not catch these suggestions, it will, very likely, in the course of the discussion of the Nebraska question give us one of its strong and elaborate articles on the subject, a sight of which, when it comes, we promise our readers.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.

THIS great piece of lumber held its annual piling up last week at Hartford, and, as has happened in former years, the question of real moment and interest before it was the question of its connection of slavery. It come up under the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That the Board acknowledge with gratitude to God, the wisdom and fidelity which, so far as appears from the documents that have been submitted to them, the Prudential Committee are advising and directing the missionaries among the Choctaws, in conformity with the principles asserted by them in their correspondence with that mission, reported to the board in 1848.

Resolved, That the decision of the Prudential Committee, with the concurrence of the Missionaries, not to conduct the boarding-schools of the Choctaw Nation, in conformity with the principles presented by the recent legislation of the Choctaw Council, meets the cordial approbation of the Board.

Resolved, That the commission given by Christ to his disciples to go and teach all nations, and to preach the gospel to every creature, which is the warrant of Christian missions, is to be respected and obeyed in all the operations and by all the missionaries of this Board; and that while our missionaries among the Choctaws are allowed, in fact, to preach the gospel to all persons, of whatever complexion or condition, as they have opportunity, and to preach it in all its applications to human character and duty, they are to continue patiently in their work.

The immediate question at issue, and which lies hid under these Resolutions was whether the missionaries should obey the Choctaw law which forbids the teaching of the alphabet to the coloured children, not merely in the boarding-schools of the missions, but in private and in Sunday-schools, or whether they should obey the 'higher law,' and give to these children the power of reading the Word of God. This first Resolution refers to the letter of Mr. Treat, one of the Secretaries of the Board, written to the mission in 1848, which lays down the principles by which the Prudential Committee then thought the missionaries should be governed, in their treatment of the whole question of the admission of slaveholders to the Church, and the subject of slavery generally in their relations to the slaveholders. That letter, it will be remembered, was discussed in a two-day's debate at the Annual Meeting in Boston, in 1848, but did not secure the direct sanction of the Board. It has been convenient, since that time, to leave the matter where that debate left it, for while the Board clearly had taken, as such, no anti-slavery position, those who have insisted upon the duty of such a position have been referred to the Treat Letter as evidence that through the act of the Prudential Committee the Board sustained anti-slavery principles. But the recent legislation of the Choctaw Council has again brought up the question in a new aspect, and hence the necessity of further and more decisive action was no longer to be avoided. The resolutions were passed but against a strong opposition.

As to what is the exact position of the Board now, however, is shown not so much by these resolutions as by the Treat Letter. That point we have not time or space, this week, to enter upon, but may refer to it again at a future time.

It was to be expected, perhaps, that the monetary view of the question should occupy the attention of the Board in the discussion of this momentous subject, and it was doubtless a relief to many tender consciences to be assured that godliness would be at least no great loss, and might prove a great gain. The consideration of course was held out that the passage of these resolutions would be followed by the sacrifice of Southern contributions. Dr. Bacon showed that the contributions even from the Sandwich Islands were of more importance, and another brother from Ohio, and another still, from Massachusetts, assured the assembly that not to take the position which the Resolutions assumed would be to sacrifice a large support from the Northern States, and from New England. Whether such considerations had any influence, or not, on the minds of brethren, it is certain that if the missionaries really should 'teach the Gospel to ALL persons,' and the South should consequently stop the supplies from that quarter, it will not be much of a leak after all. It seems that of the aggregate receipts of $305,055 for the year ending July, 1853, only $18,900 came from the slave States; and for the year ending July, 1854, the discrepancy is still larger, as of the aggregate sum of $302,279 received, only $8,680 came from the South.

SEVERE BEREAVEMENT.—We deeply sympathize with our esteemed friend, Hon. Nathaniel B. Borden, of Fall River, in the sudden loss of his wife and second daughter, by the cholera—the latter, an accomplished young lady about twenty years of age, on Saturday, and the former on Sunday last. The blow, twice repeated, is overwhelming. Mrs. Borden was a daughter of Arnold Buffum, and a woman of great energy and benevolence of character—the friend of the friendless, especially of the coloured population, both bond and free, whose cause she early espoused, and at all times defended in the spirit of an enlightened philanthropy. It is hard to part with such; but our loss is surely their gain—from works to reward.—*Liberator.*

"Let everything be fully and fairly discussed. But let it be in a kind and candid spirit. No bitter crimination and recrimination ever did any good. Nothing comes of it but exasperation and obstinacy. No good can ever come of the organization of a Northern or Southern party, and we hope that no prominent statesman will ever be found who will be willing to lead such a party. Utter ruin and defeat are the inevitable portion of any man, or set of men, who make the least motion towards the breaking up of our nationality. Let that be the exclusive task of Infidels, blasphemers and scoffers. Our Union has nothing within it which it is unable to subdue, or make subservient to its advancement and progress. Even slavery itself is destined to end in the civilization of Africa, in the transfer of our glorious institutions, civilization and religion, to the vast, barbarous, heathen continent of Africa. 'Great is truth, and it will prevail.'"

Why could not *The* (Boston) *Christian Register*, from which we quote, have had the goodness to gratify the natural curiosity which these remarks must excite by stating precisely what it meant by so severe an anathema? It intended, of course, to annihilate somebody, or some class of somebodies, as, while on a subject so remote, and in itself so tranquillizing, as the books of New England, that paper is so far carried away by its divine rage against some phase of disorganization as to break out in this incomprehensible manner. Has somebody in Charleston been speaking disrespectfully of the North Star? or has New England fanaticism been having a fling at the Southern Cross? The improved moral atmosphere of the country, for the last year or two, we hoped, had had so beneficial an influence upon our respectable contemporary that it would always, for the future, know a hawk from a handsaw; but he is still, it seems, stark mad if the wind sets in a certain quarter.

Who talks of a mere Northern or a Southern party? The piety of the New England church has often enough been likened to a weather-cock; but will the time never come when morality and religion have no other measure than the points of the compass? 'Crimination' and 'recrimination,' 'infidelity,' 'blasphemy' and 'scoffing' appal the sight and fill the soul of the *Register* with horror when its eyes are turned due North; but let it look to the opposite quarter, and the breezes from the balmy South breathe only over banks of violets, and whisper only of 'candour,' and 'kindness,' and holy peace. But we need not seriously ask what is meant by the paragraph we quote. The smouldering fires of the *Christian* wrath of the *Register* against the wicked Abolitionists has been somehow blown into a flame again, and again, as of old, it is filled with compassion for those much-abused Southerners, the tender mercies of whose social system the perverse Abolitionists are incapable of seeing.

The "infidels, blasphemers and scoffers," then, of the *Register's* anathematization are the Abolitionists—any sincere anti-slavery people who refuse to compromise morality and humanity for mere political expediency. That ban the readers of the *Register* must still expect to come under, when they reach that point where things hitherto valuable, or sacred even, are to be sacrificed to the great principle of human freedom. So long as the sacrifice is all the other way, and political unions, and religious connections, and social relations are held paramount to man's right to himself, his own soul, his own labour, his advancement in all this world's gifts, and his hopes of the next, and, above all, to our own responsibility in giving or withholding these—then there is no blasphemy, no scoffing, no infidelity, no crimination, and nobody is disturbed, or exasperated or made obstinate. And of course out of that comes "the good time coming." When Africa is civilized—the "vast, barbarous, heathen continent of Africa."—then civilization shall begin here also, and slavery shall be abolished. Would not the *Register's* closing flourish have looked better in its original *dead* language—"*Magna est veritas et prevalebit*"? We might add, as an appropriate comment on the *Register's* conclusion, an untranslatable adage—*vive la bagatelle!*

But, after all, the real difficulty with the *Register* is, not that this question of slavery is a sectional question, but that it is *not*. If it only were true that we could measure virtue by the degrees of latitude, and box the compass for our moral bearings, there would be no infidelity in sight with our head turned North-by-East. If the sin of slavery were not just as much in Northern politics and Northern piety as on Southern plantations and in Southern overseers, it would be as orthodox and as benevolent to denounce that system as it is now to send missionaries to the Chinese because they drown their female children, or to the Hindoos for the sin of burning their widows. Sydney Smith thought that our fortitude seldom failed us when we were called upon to bear the misfortunes of our friends; so there is no end to our virtue when it is the sins of other people we are called upon to repent of. It is precisely because the Abolitionists obstinately persist in calling the North to repentance, as well as the South; because they will not recognise impeccancy this side of Mason and Dixon's Line; because they hold a Boston paper, or a Boston clergyman, just as responsible for a duty in this matter of slavery as they do a paper or a clergyman in Charleston, that they are counted as infidels and blasphemers. The easiest defence against them, and the cheapest, though it is also the foolishest, is to anathematize them for creating sectional differences, for the "breaking up of our nationality"—a defence that would never be dreamed of if there were any just ground for it. If anti-slavery were sectional, if its principles had no application except to Southern slaveholders, the *Register* probably would be almost beside itself with impatience for their repentance, and quite indisposed for the slow process of emancipation through the civilization of "vast, barbarous and heathen Africa." But as the doctrines of the Abolitionists are not limited in their application, and slavery is to be repented of by the whole nation, and not by a part of it only, of course it is flat fidelity and sectionalism to demand the growth of a virtue which, in the process of ripening, and in its fulness, may sunder so many ties which it is so hard to break, and so convenient and agreeable to let alone.

LETTER FROM W. L. JUDD.

OUR readers have not failed we presume, to take notice of one of the latest plans of the Slave Power to extend its area, by getting a foot-hold in the island of Hayti, with a view to the subjugation of the race that now possesses it. The following letter, which we find in the Detroit *Christian Herald*, from the Rev. Mr. Judd, who has long been a faithful missionary in Hayti, will be read with interest:

DESIGNS UPON ST. DOMINGO.

DETROIT, Sept. 9, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER HARRIS: Having for nearly eight years past been labouring as a missionary among the Haytians, I feel a deep interest in everything that relates to their peace and welfare. I am grieved and astonished at the manifest policy of the government of the United States in regard to them. Not content with its exhibition of contempt for them before the civilized world, in refusing for the past fifty years to establish political and friendly relations with them, it now deliberately proposes the entire suppression of their government. And to effect this, measures are adopted worthy of the basest scoundrels or of the most contemptible cowards.

If it be indeed so that a negro government is not to be tolerated, neither upon the American continent nor in the adjacent islands, then let us measure swords with them honourably. Is this government so weak, or is the Haytien government so strong, that an intriguing agency must be kept up, at a great expense, for ten years, to get the egg of mischief fairly laid, and at last a woman must be sent in the shape of Mrs. General Cazneau to hatch it? Why this extraordinary sympathy, so suddenly manifested by this pro-slavery government, in favour of the oppressed of San Domingo? Have our tender-hearted Congressmen been told that there are thousands of whites in that lovely territory, living in constant dread of having their throats cut by the Haytians? This is a lie, quite befitting those highly polished gentlemen (!) who, for the past ten years, have been, each in his turn, on missions of intrigue among the Haytians and Dominicans, at the bidding of a few kidnappers, and slave-drivers of the southern States. I challenge proof that there exists, in all the Dominican territory of over twenty thousand square miles, fifty white men, except the Roman Catholic priests. Let it be remembered that, for a long time, that portion of the island called San Domingo was an integral part of the Haytien government, of which, according to its constitution, no white man can be a citizen, nor own a foot of its soil. In fact the Haytien government has never allowed any privilege to white men, except to remain during good behaviour, and to do certain kinds of business by a special license and the payment of a heavy tax. Indeed, so strictly has the Haytien government guarded this favourite point, that, although the Roman Catholic religion is that of the State and specially protected, and more than ninety-nine hundreths of the people are Roman Catholics, yet if it is known that a white priest has meddled in any way with political affairs he is unconditionally ordered to leave the country in a certain number of days, and sometimes hours. Is it then likely that thousands or even hundreds of white men should be found even in the whole islands!

The fact is, in short, that the government of the United States, after having steadily refused to acknowledge the independence of Hayti and of Liberia, simply because the presence of coloured ambassadors at Washington would be intolerable, now proposes to recognise the so-called government of San Domingo, which is nothing more than a miserable faction of coloured men who have been so throughly ridden by Spanish priests, that they took offence at the religious toleration allowed by the Haytien government, and so, without the necessary resources, have set up for themselves. How very strangely things are changed by a change of circumstances! It appears that the hope of subjugating the Haytians, who have never invaded the territory of any neighbouring State, would render even coloured ambassadors tolerable at Washington! And so a white colony is soon to be planted in San Domingo, by "manifest destiny," will be annexed to the United States, and so the Haytians, who have always been more sinned against than sinning, must be attacked both by sea and land, and subjugated to a foreign yoke. Even the bombardment of Greytown was not so mean an act as the one here contemplated.

But the meanness does not end here. What will the people of San Domingo gain for having bartered away their inheritance and endangered their natural allies of the West? Not even a mess of pottage. And they may yet mourn, when it is too late, their own liberty, bartered for paltry gold. But there is in all this one encouraging thought. While the Dominicans are wearing the chains which by this act of baseness they will justly deserve, the Haytians will remain unmoved, either lamenting the weakness or laughing at the folly of their children in the east. They may not be able to win glorious conquests in foreign lands, but they are strong at home. If an army of fifty thousand Frenchmen, frequently replenished, combined with all the colonial forces of St. Domingo, could not subdue the Haytians, the United States had better let out the job.

The sun in the Heavens, the stars in their courses, and even the elements will fight for the Haytians. Still we are not without anxiety, fearing that such movements may seriously retard evangelical efforts in that island. Let all who fear God pray that the gospel work, so auspiciously commenced among the Haytians, may not be interrupted, and that our Heavenly Father will cause the wrath of man to praise him.

W. L. JUDD,
Baptist Missionary at Port-au-Prince.

FROM MY MENTAL DIARY.

Written out for The Standard.

Saturday, Sept. 2.—Looked over the *Standard*. The Louisville *Courier* ought to be good authority in matters of poetry, although Prentice once made a small mistake about any pieces which might be noticed under the signature of Roy; nevertheless, the version of Mary's Dream is not so good as that I committed to memory in my childhood. In the third line, for

"And from the eastern summer shed,"

read,

"And o'er its eastern summit shed."

In the seventh line, read "she" for "was." Third line, third verse, read "still" for "long." Same verse, fifth line, read,

"Then when strange horror thrilled my breast."

Same verse, last line, read,

"The storm is o'er and I'm at rest."

Dr. Lettsom's celebrated distich from 'Household Words' is not improved, I think, in its new form. A report of the Doctor's death (said to be subsequently traced to his own pen) was extensively published in the papers, which was followed by many eulogiums upon the Doctor's character. By way of reply to this report appeared the following:

"They says I'm dead—I says they lies:
I pukes, I bleeds, I sweats 'em;
I takes their fees and then they dies
With all my heart,
I. Lettsome."

The third line is said to exhibit not the least striking trait of the Doctor's character.

Noticed the puff of Savery's Dining Saloon—will call sometime and see.

Sunday noon.—On my way up from the Post-Office, called at Savery's for dinner. Ordered "roast beef, *lean*." Customer opposite ordered "roast beef." Waiter ordered "roast beef—*two plates*." Mine was one-third fat. Asked the waiter to take mine back and bring me "*lean*," and told her she did not give my order as I gave it. She presently returned with the same, saying there was none leaner. After dining, stepped to the counter, with my ticket, 10 cents; found a shilling and a quarter in my wallet; threw out the quarter with the ticket. "Hadn't I ten cents? they were short of small change." Threw out my shilling and pocketed only two cents, and came to these conclusions: That eating-house is not well managed where a plate of lean beef cannot be had when specially ordered. That waiter is not attentive who does not repeat orders as given. It is of small consequence to the customer whether *chiselled* out of five mills under the federal or decimal currency or gouged out of half a cent under the shillings and pence currency. A COSMOPOLITE.

THE *Boston Commonwealth* says that the term a *Morrill* Democrat in Maine is used to distinguish that class from those Democrats who are *Immorrill!*

Summary.

WELL CLOTHED.—The New Orleans *Bulletin* says that "slaves never *freeze* or starve." We have heard that they often have a good *dressing*.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

Some of our cotemporaries are advocating the formation of a new State, embracing the mining regions of Lake Superior, the territory now belonging to Michigan, and some thousands of square miles west of the lake, reaching to Red river and the British boundary. They propose to call it the State of Superior.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, Aug.* 28.

DONATION.—The Boston *Transcript* announces that the executors of the will of the late Samuel Appleton, of this city, have made a donation of twenty thousand dollars to the Academy at New Ipswich, N. H. The institution, since 1850, has been known as "the New Ipswich Appleton Academy." Mr. Appleton made a donation of five thousand dollars to the Seminary four years ago.

REPEAL OF THE NEBRASKA BILL AND FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—HON. John Wentworth, from Illinois, who voted against the Nebraska Bill, has addressed a letter to the Chicago *Democrat* in which he calculates that "should every free State elect a U. S. Senator hereafter to oppose the Nebraska Bill, it would take just five years to bring the friends of repeal into majority in the Senate. It is just so with the Fugitive Slave Law."

Parson Brownlow, a *preacher*, and editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig*, commenting on the burning alive of a negro for an atrocious murder, says:

"We unhesitatingly affirm that the punishment was unequal to the crime. Had we been there, we should have taken a part, and even suggested the pinching of pieces out of him with red hot pinchers—the cutting off a limb at a time, and then burning them all in a heap."

THE SPIRIT OF THE SLAVE-DRIVERS.—A mass meeting of squatters of Kansas Territory, (says the *Tribune*), was held near Fort Leavenworth on the 1st of September, 1854. There being a desire on the part of some persons to ascertain how many Free Soilers were present, the sense of the meeting was taken as to whether Kansas should be slave or free territory. The meeting it is stated, was nearly unanimous in favour of Slavery, only four voting in the negative. The following, among other resolutions, was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That Kansas Territory (and as a consequence, the State of Kansas) *of right should be* and therefore SHALL BE slave territory.

"JOHN BROWN'S TRACK."—The history of this locality, well known to sportsmen, is given by a writer in *Putnam's Magazine*, as follows:

"More than fifty years ago, John Brown, Governor of Rhode Island, bought 200,000 acres of wild land in Herkimer and Hamilton Counties, New York, near the waters of Moose River, for the purpose of carrying on the iron business. A colony was sent on, 3,000 acres of land cleared up, veins of iron ore found and opened, and a forge built. But the mines were not so productive as expected, the soil cold, much money was expended without a return, or a prospect of one. The overseer sent out by Governor Brown, killed himself, the others became discouraged, and the place was abandoned. At present one family by the name of Arnold live there, occupying some 2,000 acres, run over with foot shrubs and wild grasses."

The friends of Freedom, in this State have yet to find a platform to stand upon. Both the "Hard" and the "Soft" branches of the Loco Foco party have discarded them; for each has endorsed the Nebraska Swindle and approved the violation of the Missouri Compact. A vote for the nominees of either will, therefore, be received as a vote for that swindle. This fact removes all doubt in regard to the course proper to be pursued by those who are weary of occupying the humiliating position of "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the Slave Power. They must co-operate with that party and vote for those nominees who stand upon the Platform of Freedom. No such platform has yet been formally reared, but it will be; and only those who stand upon it can hope to be sustained by the people.—*Eve. Journal.*

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A story is current in Maine, says the *Transcript*, that previous to the meeting of the State Legislature, the Collector of one of the large towns in Maine solicited, upon his return from Washington, an interview with Mr. Morrill, and informed him that President Pierce felt great interest in the Senatorial question, and would be much gratified to have the Morrill Democrats unite with their old party associates, to place a Democrat in the Senate of the United States. After a long conversation in regard to party movements and appointments, Mr. Morrill requested the President's Messenger to write to Washington, and tell Frank Pierce "that he had a profound respect for his military genius, but was of the opinion that, as a statesman, New Hampshire was as large a field as he had the ability to manage!" We wonder what "Frank" thinks of Mr. Morrill *now!*—*Bost. Commonwealth, 12th.*

THANKS! THANKS!!—The heartfelt thanks of the friends of human liberty throughout the State (says the Boston *Commonwealth*), will be freely given to the Mayor and Aldermen of this city, for the decided action mentioned in the following paragraph, from the *Transcript:*

REJECTED CONSTABLES.—At the election of city constables by the Mayor and Aldermen, to-day, all those officers in commission, who actively assisted Marshal Freeman in the Burns slave case, were rejected, as follows: Asa O. Butman, Silas Carlton, George J. Cooledge, Wm. K. Jones (late Captain of the Night Watch), Benj. Heath, Wm. O. Cheswell, Benj. Rose, and Galen Holmes, Jr. (late clerk in the Chief of Police office). Messrs. Jonas and Henry C. Stratton, officers of the Police Court, were also passed over, together with Harum Merrill, George J. Dexter, James P. Rice, Charles J. Merrill and Luther Hutchins, who have for many years acted as constables.

FIFTY-SIX SLAVES OFFERED THEIR FREEDOM.—The heirs of Augustine and George Law, of Loudoun County, Va., have offered to set free fifty slaves, valued at $30,000, provided the American Colonization Society will send them to Liberia, and make the usual provision for them after their arrival out. Some of those slaves have husbands or wives belonging to other masters, and efforts are about being made to secure their freedom also, so that there shall be no separation of families. Thomas Triplet, Esq., of Fauquier county, Va., is the owner of Henry Tyler, a valuable servant, whose wife and nine children will be freed by the heirs of the Messrs. Law. Mr. Triplet has agreed to set Henry free at half his value, and has permitted him to visit New York, to endeavour to collect a sufficient amount. Rev. T. Herndon, also of Fauquier county, has a man and woman and six children, it is said, whom he is willing may go to California, if their expenses are paid.

A coloured girl in Delaware the other day viciously seized with a fancy for wearing to a "meeting" some finery, put on clothes which did not belong to her, but before she returned was nabbed by the constable. We record the case as we find it: She was not convicted of stealing the clothes, but taking them to wear for the occasion. We do not make the distinction, but it is made. The costs of the trial were $37 14, and in addition to paying these, she was to receive a number of lashes. Unable to pay the fine, she would have been sold as a slave for seven years, but for the timely interposition of Thomas Garrat, who advanced $15, the remainder of the fine was then remitted.

Delaware is certainly a *little* State. With laws that sanctify stealing human beings, it is pharasaically severe against a poor ignorant black girl for a constructive larceny—fines, slavery, and the lash! Suppose the defalcators to the amount of hundreds of thousands, but who mean no harm, were so treated?—*Tribune.*

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN POLITICS—CLERGYMEN GOING TO CONGRESS.—The intelligence we have received from our friends in Maine and Vermont confirms the view we have expressed, that the recent political revolution which has taken place in the free States is attributable in a great degree to the deep feeling which pervades the religious sentiment of the country upon the Nebraska question. Mr. Douglas will find in the next Congress that several of those clergymen who were the object of his jeers, last winter, will be in Washington in a position to address the nation upon topics of public interest. In Maine, two clergymen have been elected in districts where they had *both* democratic and whig opponents, viz: Mr. Knowlton, a Freewill Baptist clergyman, is elected over Mr. Farley, the present member, and Mr. Dickerson, the democratic candidate. In the Sixth District, Rev. Mr. Milliken, of Columbia, a Universalist clergyman, is elected over Mr. Fuller, the present incumbent, and Mr. Smith, the whig candidate. These are the only Congressional districts in Maine, in which the anti-Nebraska strength was divided between two candidates, and in both cases the politicians were set aside by the voters. This shows how far moral causes have effected the election.—*Bost Transcript, Sept.* 15.

ANECDOTE WITH AN IMPROVEMENT.—On one occasion he met an Arkansas Methodist preacher, who told him he was once invited to witness a negro wedding. The master's family were kind, clever people, and the circuit rider concluded to go. When he arrived at the house they called Sambo and Dinah into the parlour, dressed out in their Sunday best. They were required to stand up in the middle of the room, and the preacher stood before them, and, said he, "Sambo! do you take this woman Dinah to be your wedded wife, to live together in God's holy ordinance of matrimony until death you shall part, *or as long as circumstances will permit?*" (Laughter.) Sambo wanted to be married, and of course could not say anything but yes. The preacher then put the same question to Dinah, and received the same response. "Then," said the preacher, stretching out his hands with due solemnity, "I pronounce you man and wife according to the laws of God—*and the State of Arkansas!*" (Loud laughter and cheers.) So there were many men, professing to be Democrats or Whigs, who are unwilling to live out their own principles, but were good Democrats and Whigs as circumstances would permit—they were Democrats and Whigs, not according to the laws of God, but as modified, amended, and in part repealed by the slave power (loud cheers).—*From Senator Chase's late Speech at Wolfboro', N. H.*

BARNUM AND THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—EXCITEMENT IN VIRGINIA.—We call the attention of the public to a daring act of kidnapping by P. T. Barnum's travelling Museum Company, at Madison C. H., on the night of their exhibition at that place. On the morning of their departure Mr. William T. Fooshee found that his boy William, 17 years of age, did not make his appearance as usual. Upon inquiry of one of his other servants Mr. Fooshee was told that William had, no doubt, run away, that the showmen had tried to get him to go too. Upon inquiry, other servants in the village, to the number of five or six, testified that the same gang had tried to persuade them off. On this information, Mr. Fooshee came in pursuit to this place, but did not find his boy. Believing that he was secreted with the company, he engaged Mr. Whale to follow on and watch their movements at such hours as they would be likely to think themselves safe in a more unreserved intercourse with this deluded victim. Mr. Whale followed his instructions, and on yesterday, the 7th, found and arrested the boy at Washington, Rappahannock Co., in the act of holding a horse for one of the company, and ascertained that he had arrived there in one of their wagons.

Judging from their language, most or all of this company are *Yankees*. Not satisfied with setting at defiance the laws of the country and the rights of the South with their unparalleled effrontery they have come into our midst, and while by falsehood and exaggeration they with one hand swindle the public out of large sums of money, they reach forth the other hand and steal from private individuals their most valuable property. Will the community, with these unprincipled wretches in our midst, suffer them to get away unpunished? Is it necessary, to satisfy a morbid sensibility on this subject, to await the slow process of the courts? When we remember that this act was consummated on the very earth that mixes with the ashes of Grayson, we do hope that these offenders, if it is possible to ferret them out, will learn by a most impressive lesson the force of that command—"Thou shalt not steal."—*Culpepper Observer.*

DISTURBANCE IN RAPPAHANNOCK.—We understand from a gentleman who was in Washington, Rappahannock County, on Thursday last, the day on which Barnum's Museum and Menagerie exhibited there, that a serious conflict ensued between some of the showmen and a number of the citizens present. We give the facts as they were stated to us:

A person who had visited one of the small shows that accompany Barnum's Menagerie pronounced it a humbug. This brought on an altercation between him and the showman, in which the latter gave the "lie" and immediately received a blow. The parties were separated, but the showman embraced a subsequent opportunity to return the blow he had received. This brought on a fight in which five or six showmen and a number of citizens took part. The former were armed with bludgeons, while the citizens who hurried up were unprepared for such an occasion. Several gentlemen were, in consequence, considerably injured by the clubs of the showmen. We learn that Braxton Eastham, Esq., who promptly stepped up, and as a magistrate commanded the peace, was knocked down several times with a bludgeon, several of his teeth knocked out and his head considerably cut. Messrs. Perry, Smith, Robert Bruce and ——— Johnson also received severe injuries. During the melee a number of showmen from Barnum's tent rushed to the scene, but did not, it was thought, participate. The citizens also crowded up, and the public arms were placed in the hands of a number who volunteered to restore order. The volunteers proceeded to run down the offending showmen, and made thirty-seven arrests. The prisoners were lodged in jail and kept under guard, until the following day, when they were examined before a magistrate. This examination resulted in the commitment for trial of four or five of the number. The rest were discharged.

Our informant states the scene as the most fearfully exciting he had ever witnessed. So exasperated were the citizens that it was with the utmost difficulty they were restrained by the calmer portion from shooting down a number of the showmen in their tracks. The legal proceedings of the subsequent day were also attended by a large and deeply excited crowd.

We believe the showmen escaped with much less injury than they inflicted. We understand that the one most hurt was one who resisted arrest, and was knocked down and beaten somewhat. We are glad that the citizens left the matter to the law, and now trust that the law will be faithfully executed.

A little previous to the fight, one of the showmen was arrested for enticing off and harbouring a negro belonging to a gentleman in Madison. The negro, too, was recovered at Washington, while holding one of the wagon horses. It was rumoured that the fight grew out of the attempt to arrest the kidnapper; but our informant says it is a mistake, no opposition having been made to it. We trust the time will come when we shall be free from the presence of these strolling vagabonds.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 14th, says, that in consequence of the conduct of Barnum's showmen at other places, the Mayor of Alexandria refused permission for a night exhibition in that city.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

RECEIPTS FOR JULY AND AUGUST.

Mr. Cabeen,	$5 00	Jonathan Paxson,	$4 00
Mr. Champion,	1 00	Isaac Jones,	4 00
Mr. Dodd,	10 00	Sarah W. Comly,	10 00
John Clothier,	1 00	Lucien Wright,	5 00
A. Conrad,	50	Milton Fussell,	5 00
Thomas Hopkins,	5 00	Joseph D. Potts,	3 00
John H. Cavendar,	10 00	Seth Pancoast,	5 00
Evan Evans,	5 00	Julia Horton,	1 00
Caleb Clothier,	5 00	K. Hayhurst,	3 00
James Crosser,	5 00	Josiah Wilson,	3 00
M. A. Shaw,	2 00	Wm. Speakman,	5 00
E. M. Bye,	2 00	T. Harmer,	2 00
Dr. D. M. Davis,	10 00	Philip Sexton,	10 00
Thos. Wakeman,	5 00	S. D. Price,	4 50
Josiah Smith,	2 00	M. Trego,	1 00
G. H.,	5 00	H. Roger,	50
J. P. Tyson,	10 00	D. Bye,	1 00
Sarah Peirson,	4 00	A. & E. Pugh,	2 00
J. W. Helms,	1 50	Mrs. Supplii,	5 00
Jos. McDonald,	1 50	E. Garretson,	1 00
Thos. Whittson,	10 00	Wm. Morris,	5 00
J. Coates,	1 50	John Vickers,	5 00
Cyrus Brinton,	1 25	M. D. Bradway,	1 00
Dr. Cain,	1 00	John Agnew,	5 00
Edward Hame,	5 00	John Haiding,	2 00
Joseph Green,	1 50	D. Woolston,	1 00
Charles Walton,	25 00	C. T. Iredell,	3 00
Mr. Herbert,	5 00	John Titlou,	2 00
A Friend,	5 00	D. Hunt,	2 00
Elizabeth French,	3 00	J. H. Evans,	2 50
J. E. French,	1 00	J. R. Price,	2 00
A. Ruben,	1 00	D. Wells,	2 50
John Cox,	5 00	A. Evans,	2 50
James Mott,	25 00	L. Wanger,	2 00
Jos. Bassett,	2 00	Mr. Harley,	2 00
B. Bassett,	1 00	C. Harley,	1 00
D. Pettet,	1 00	T. Slem,	1 00
S. Woodnut,	1 00	George Kime,	1 00
E. Goodwin,	4 00	E. Wells,	1 00
A. Goodwin,	5 00	A. Pennypacker,	1 00
John Ketcham,	5 00	H. Bowman,	5 00
Seth Ely,	2 00	B. F. Yard,	2 00
Saml. Slocumb,	1 00	Joseph Conrad,	2 00
R. K. Hall,	8 00	Joseph F. Clarke,	2 00
	H. Brosius, 3 00.		

SARAH PUGH, Treasurer.

DIED.

HARNED—On Sunday the 10th inst., at Newcastle, near Newark, Delaware, of typhus fever, Mr. William Harned, formerly of Brooklyn, L. I.

Special Notices.

☞ A CARD.—The Post-Office address of Theodore D. Weld, Angelina G. Weld and Sarah M. Grimke, will be hereafter Raritan Bay Union, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d, 24th and 25th October, in West Chester. A great meeting is expected. William Lloyd Garrison and other distinguished speakers from a distance will be present. The Woman's Rights Convention is to be held in Philadelphia, on the 18th and 19th of October, and it is expected that Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown and others, who will be in attendance on that occasion, will be induced to remain over to attend the Anti-Slavery Meeting at West Chester.

☞ LIBERTY PARTY STATE CONVENTION!—The LIBERTY PARTY of the State of New York will hold its nominating Convention on THURSDAY, the 28th day of September, in the City of Syracuse. The Convention will commence at 9 o'clock, A. M.

The signs of the times forbid the dissolution of this party. No other party is prepared to fight the great battle of freedom on the ground that slavery cannot be legalized. Let all who believe that slavery is too monstrous a wrong to be legalized come together on that day to nominate men to govern us, who will everywhere maintain that there can be no law for slavery.

HON. GERRIT SMITH and other speakers will be present.

TIMOTHY STOWE,
J. C. HARRINGTON,
W. W. CHAPMAN,
} *State Com.*

Sept. 15*th*, 1854.

P. S. The American Anti-Slavery Society meets in Syracuse, Sept. 29th (Friday), and the Jerry Rescue Celebration occurs Saturday, Sept. 30.

☞ CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA. — In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October, 1853, the fifth annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN to all the advantages of Education, Literary, Scientific and Artistic, to full equality in all business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional; briefly, all the RIGHTS which may pertain to her as a citizen, religious, civil and political.

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.
ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

☞ TWENTY-FIRST NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.—To be held in CITY OF BOSTON, Mass., during the Christmas Week of 1854.—The Managers of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar beg leave to present their appeal for aid and sympathy once again to every lover of Freedom, whose eye this paper shall reach. We do it in the spirit of that hope which is power, pledging our own most earnest exertions in the slave's behalf, and feeling therefore at liberty to implore the same at the hands and hearts of others.

The present is no time for faithlessness, or delay, or inaction. Its thronging events announce that the *Hour* draws nigh which is to decide, in this nation, the great conflict of Freedom with Slavery. To such an hour shall *Men* be wanting? Shall it find a people weak, timid, selfish, alive only to material success and enjoyment, or shall it be able to summon to its emergency the heroism, the self-sacrifice, the religious faith that bring in their very nature the assurance of success?

The cruelty, the baseness, the danger of slavery is fast becoming apparent to the whole North. Her next lesson must be, that no human legislation can sanctify crime; that if, indeed, slavery be a sin against God and an outrage on man, all laws for its support are part and parcel of the original atrocity, and are to be disobeyed at all hazards.

The most abominable crimes ever perpetrated against humanity have been committed in the name and under the san

Miscellaneous Department.

A SUBALTERN'S VIEW OF WAR.

BY ONE WHO HELPED DIG THE TRENCHES AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ.

THE following simple sketch of an old soldier's thoughts and feelings, and experiences, while engaged in the trenches preparatory to the bombardment of Vera Cruz, in the late war with Mexico, comes to us from a neighbouring State, purporting to be written by the old "Dragoon" himself, who is now earning a living, it seems, by chopping wood. He says he does not expect his "description to pass for a great thing," on account of his literary inerits, and he thinks nothing great of his literary inerits, and he thinks nothing great in that way ought to be expected of "an old wood-chopper." But still he says, "It is the simple and true statement of the old fellow's feelings and thoughts in those critical moments when life and limb were at stake." The old man evidently has some poetic feelings, as well as an old soldier's fire. So we will let him tell his story in his own way. His style betrays a foreign idiom, and he speaks of having seen service in Europe in his young days.—*United States Magazine.*

WHAT a noise and bustle is in the camp! hark! there is something going on. Hear old Colonel Harney's voice—he is cursing and swearing; most likely some horses are loose, or the mounted dragoons, who return from drilling, are not riding in files by two, and in distance of two feet from the foreman's horse's tail. Never mind! I sit here and undisturbed in this bushy little place, unseen and undisturbed in this bushy little place, covered and surrounded by vines and shrubs with the prettiest little flowers I ever saw. Had I remained in the tent, to clean my sabre and carabine, our orderly Sergeant would have called me out to do some police work. How noisy the fellows are in the camp—almost all languages—I hear Dutch, French and English—it is quite a Babel! Indeed, Wallenstein's camp could not have been composed of more various nations, and harder cases, than ours. I hope nobody will steal my belts; I have washed them, and hung 'em over our tents. Bang! Bang! Halloo, they are throwing bombs from the Castle Ulloa to our fellows who are working in the trenches. Look! there is one sailing through the air like a comet with a tail. Bang! there, she bursts, and leaves a white cloud of smoke in the air. At the seabeach is the same noise as in our camp; sailors and soldiers are all busy to get the big cannon on shore. Wait a little, Mr. Señor, we soon return the compliments. Hush! O look at that pretty hummingbird! there is another one! How they stand upright in the air, and dip their long bills in the flowers to suck the honey! what strength and swiftness they must have in their little wings, ten times more in proportion than an eagle! There comes another red-feathered gentleman, and whistles his tune; it is Mr. Cardinal. The she-one next to him looks at me as an intruder. She must have her nest hereabouts, and seems to be afraid of me; she utters her fears to her husband. Poor little birds, don't be afraid, I shall not disturb your premises—I have other things to do than to look after birds' eggs. I shall kill Mexicans, who never have done me any harm. I am hired for that purpose, at eight dollars a month, to fight Uncle Sam's battles, and to help him vindicate his alleged rights and claims against Mexico.

War! what an awful thing! Here we are collected, almost from all nations, to destroy human life, and to batter down a city, where the inhabitants like to enjoy their peaceful occupations. All this is caused through national ambition and selfishness, and through the intrigues and instigation of some national leaders. They want to rise, in their political career, upon the misery of fellow-beings. And we—we fools—help them, for a few dollars, to carry out their scheme, and think and wonder what heroes we are in that bloody drama, by sacrificing our bodies and souls. People say, the noblest work of God is man, but I don't think so; anyhow, we fellows here have no claim to it. Animals, with their instincts, govern themselves better than we do, with all our boasted cunningness, vague reason and religious precepts. Each species lives in peace, and their few quarrels are soon settled. I wish I could swap with one of the humming-birds, and quit soldiership.

I hear the bugle; what does that mean? Ah, the band is called to play before the old Colonel's tent. I am glad I sit here; now I can listen without interruption. What a fine march that is; I heard the same many times when I was in the Prussian army, thirty years ago. O, those were happy days! Young, courageous, the world before me, and everything looked bright! That tune, I did not like its music; it was not gay enough—too earnest and grave—moaning more for death than for life; but now it is appropriate for the occasion. What changes and dark clouds have passed through my life; all my hopes of this world now lay in the grave, and I soon shall follow. Be quiet, poor heart! I am a quivering autum leaf, and shall soon drop, when the thunder rolls, and the tempest blows. That devilish rusty spot on the hilt of the sword; I can't get it clean. At every inspection of arms, the Captain and orderly Sergeant are swearing and cursing about it. What is that? A tear drops from my eyes on the spot. O! how bright the hilt gets now! I scarcely perceive the old spot. Yes, tears have sometimes the power to wash off many spots in this life. Had some of the fellows in the camp seen them, how they would have laughed at me, and taken it for weakness and cowardice. But stop, we shall soon see when bullets are whistling around us. He who then keeps cool and trembles not will be the man; no matter if an emotion of the heart, the recollection of the past and happier days, drew a tear from my eyes. "Fall in! Fall in!" Now I must be off, otherwise I shall be too late.

When I came into the camp, every one was running to fall in his proper place of the company, and I was lucky enough not to be the last. After the companies had assembled, the roll was called, and, as none were missing, our orderly Sergeant called the names of some to step forward. Fourteen had already stepped forward, when my name was called, and another fellow's beside. We were now sixteen, and almost all Germans. The Captain, in front, told us to go to the cook, draw for one day rations, and at twelve o'clock at night he ordered us to fall in before the Adjutant's tent, with carbine and twenty cartridges, but without sabre and cartridge-box. We might now go to our tents, and take a nap until the fixed hour. We knew now that we were selected to work in the trenches the next day. At the appointed hour we assembled before the Adjutant's tent, of each company sixteen, and amounted altogether to one hundred and sixty men. One Lieutenant and a Sergeant took the command, and we started off to the trenches. It was dark, like pitch, and we had about three miles to the first ditch. We passed an open plain at a fair distance from the Castle Ulloa, and could see in the dark how the twenty-four pounders had ploughed up the ground, and also the holes which the bombs had digged. But it was so dark that from the Castle they could not see us. Coming to the first ditch, the sun was rising, and, after marching along in the same, we soon came to another one, where a powder magazine was to be erected. Artillerymen were busy to dig a ditch around the same, and to throw the earth on the top: we worked by squads, half an hour, during which the others were resting. The Mexicans had not fired a shot, but we could see round us how the bullets and bombs had mutilated the sod of the ground, the day previous. Upon the fort in the city opposite the Castle we perceived Mexican soldiers and officers. They were spying at us with their glasses, to find out the spot where we were working. At once a ball passed us, and created quite a sensation. The ball whizzed over us about two feet, and threw up, thirty yards behind us, cactus trees, briars, &c., with a tremendous vehemence in the air. Those on the top of the magazine jumped down, and sundry queer countenances were visible. Some of the hard cases looked pale, but soothed us by saying, "There was no danger, as they were shooting too high." Our young Lieutenant had also undergone a countenance change, and his rosy cheeks faded a little. I was just throwing dirt on the top, when a second ball came, and the Lieutenant behind me ordered me to give my spade to another man. In this way the Mexicans kept up their fire without injury to us, and we completed our work. From that powder magazine led another ditch, five feet deep, and about two hundred yards long, towards the first parallel, which was about eight hundred yards from the forts and the city. We marched now in the same, by file of two, and came, about twenty yards from the parallel, to another short ditch to the left, in which also a powder-magazine was to be erected. During our march in that long ditch, I had some fear; because the bullets were flying pretty close on both sides; and if one ball happened to hit the ditch, it would have killed more than twenty men of us. This ditch was all the time full of soldiers, and in a straight line towards the mouth of the enemies' cannon. In laying out that ditch, I thought there was some mistake. I would have constructed the same in the shape of a fence-worm, and no ball could have then touched anybody. However, all passed off luckily, and we got to the second powder-magazine unhurt. A pair of us were now ordered to work, and the others had to rest. I soon got my turn, and had to climb up the ditch; an officer of the engineers, with some privates, directed the work, and a spade was handed to me to throw up the earth. Here we were more exposed to the Mexican fire. The spot was higher, and the bullets almost touched the sand hill of the magazine. We had to watch their loading and firing, and jumped down when the balls came nearer to our heads. After working half an hour, the officer told me to give my spade to another man, to go down to rest. I did so, and sat down in the ditch with the others, who had not yet worked. I felt hungry, took out my haversack, picked out some raw pork and biscuit, and was eating when the Sergeant perceived me. Here I must mention that this Sergeant, or Corporal, had a spite on me since our embarkation from Brazos St. Yago, namely, the night before our embarkation. I had obtained a small slice of beef, and was roasting it under an old wreck of a schooner, laying on the beach, under which I had put up my quarters. Next to me was a party of dragoons of his company, of whom I got the beef, and they were preparing their supper in the same way as I did. The said Corporal or Sergeant passed me half-corned, and, seeing me and my beefsteak, he said: "Be d—nd, old Dutch b—gg—r, I must have some of your beef!" To which I replied: "Go to h—ll; I will knock you down if you address me in this way." He then turned to his men, accosted them in the same manner, and received the same answer. He repeated his insults, and an old dragoon, a Canadian Frenchman, took it up, and gave him battle, by wkich he was worsted. After being licked, he gave good words not to speak about it; but I stepped forward, and told him if he ever insulted me again, I would report him to the Captain. This was the cause of his spite on me.

Seeing me now sitting down with the rest, he jumped up and asked me why I did not work. I told him the officer of the engineers had sent me down, as I had done my job. But he ordered me back; I remonstrating why he did not send some of the others, who had not worked, he walked off to our Lieutenant. Directly, the Lieutenant came and asked me why I did not obey orders. I told him the reason, but he said, "If you don't go directly, I shall jerk and buck you." In a rage, I got up, took up my carbine, climbed up again, grasped from another man's hand a spade and began, under cursing and swearing, to throw up dirt again, and saying in my rage, "Would to God a bomb might blow up this d—d magazine and us all." The Lieutenant of the engineers turned round and asked me, "What is the matter, old man? why are you in such a passion?" I told him the cause of it, how our Lieutenant would treat me if I came down again. But he replied, "Go down, old man, you have done your duty, and tell your officer I had ordered you down as commander of the work." Jumping down the ditch, the other dragoons had left the spot, and I was told they had been sent to work at the cemetery, to which the first parallel led. Bombs and twenty-four pounders were whizzing and whistling from the city and forts in all directions, but did not do much injury. In the parallel towards the cemetery, I perceived our Lieutenant. He was sitting down in the ditch, and had made a little excavation in the bank of the ditch, for the purpose to secure his head from the pieces of shells, which, after the explosion, were thrown tremendous high in the air, and then fell down, scattered with an immense force. In this way he had contrived to save his skull and brains for the benefit of the United States. Seeing me coming up the parallel, he halloed to me, why I did not walk bent. But I thought it was no use, as the balls flew over me too quick to make a bow in time, and to crawl on all fours would look rather too cowardly. Being, however, afraid he would report me to our Captain for disobedience, I made front, when I came up to him, and begged him not to report me. "Never mind," said he, in a quivering voice; "go to your work." At the cemetery, our dragoons had already finished their job, and we returned to our former place at the powder-magazine. In front of it was a battery erected, mounted with three or four mortars. The artillerymen were fetching ammunition and bombs from the two magazines. To cover that battery, they had thrown up a high and big sand-bank or wall, and had laid on the top of it bags filled with sand. Every Mexican ball made the sand beneath the bags run down, and being such laid on the top lengthway, were apt to roll down. Four dragoons were called again to throw up earth or sand, and I went with three others to do the job. The artillerymen were already loading the mortars, but not a shot from our side was yet fired. I saw that our throwing up sand was no use, and told one of the dragoons to help me up to the bags, that I might turn them across, where they could not slip off or roll down when a ball might strike them. One lifted me up, and I turned the bags round. It was hard work, as the bags were heavy, besides some bullets were whistling pretty close over me.

I could never plainly see how the Mexican officers on the fort of the city were still spying us. One of our artillerists said: "Take care, old man, that the Mexicans don't pop you down." I took the hint and jumped down, just as our first mortar was fired off. As soon as the smoke was rolling over the wall, the Mexicans ceased to fire. They saw now where we had hid ourselves, and planted their cannon accordingly. Almost every ball struck now the rampart, or was whistling close over it. A tremendous fire ensued now on both sides, and our artillerymen had now their task, and we dragoons were set at liberty.

Every one was now hunting for a hiding-place, and, like rabbits, were running into the ditches to find a safe spot. I looked in the ditch next where that powder-magazine was. But, O, Lord! how full was the place; I scarcely could get five paces inside to sit down or bend down. The greatest part were rushing and pushing into the magazine, like sheep when the dog or wolf is after them. Every one was kicking and pushing to get farther into the hole, and, as it soon got crammed full, the last ones had only a chance to put their heads in, and stand with their back out-door. I took up, in the mean time, two spades, and held them over my head, in order to secure my skull in case a hurled bombshell should fall on it, which were thrown high over us in the air after explosion. Pieces in the air looked like swallows, and fell down with a tremendous force. I digged afterwards some pieces out of the ground, not heavier than two-pence; but they lay about eighteen inches deep. One twenty-four pounder struck the sand-bags behind us, and threw two bags over me and my neighbour. After we crawled out beneath, the ball, striking in the sand of the rampart, rolled over my companion's head and into the hand of an engineer, who was laying in the ditch just before us. I told them I would give them a certificate that they had been shot with a twenty-four pounder on the head and hands, and were still unhurt; they might gain a bet by it. There was one Captain of the artillery whom I recollect with pleasure. He was an officer and a soldier, as every one ought to be, but, unfortunately, as few are. He appeared to have those under his command who had to fetch the ammunition from the magazine in the rear. They had to pass that long ditch I mentioned before, and were most exposed by the wrong construction of the same.

When the cannon balls and bombs were passing them, and striking the sod right and left close by, the latter bursting within five or six yards of them, and privates and officers were making polite bows, he stood erect and looked around as if nothing was going on, but made always a funny and appropriate remark to the balls, that they might respect the ditch, and not interfere with his men's business, and so forth. His countenance was so calm and composed that it really inspired the same in others. No hard words to those that dodged and let the ammunition drop, and picked it up again. All what he said was in a mild but distinct and commanding tone, and I am sure he was the father and friend of the private soldier in every respect; not like many others who, in the battle, cowardly dodge, or creep behind the front, but, far from peril, tramp upon the poor privates, steal their rations, and show their courage by a cruel and unlawful military treatment towards their subordinates.

The fire on both sides was kept up briskly till night, and must have been a grand sight to the spectators in the camp and upon the big sand-hills round Vera Cruz. Towards evening, we scattered dragoons were ordered to quit our hiding-places and go home, namely, to our tents. I darted up with some others, and rushed in full speed through that dangerous long ditch towards the magazine in the rear, behind which we thought to find shelter against them old big bullets. But arriving there, the ditches round the same were crammed up and stacked full with men already, and we had to stand on the platform—not the Baltimore, but Santa Anna's. Our fine Captain had to take the same stand with us, and seeing three bombs scattered round us in a very short distance, with their burning matches, and digging holes in the ground, addressed them in his usual polite manner, not to spit in our face. But he had scarcely finished his address, when one after the other bursted, and threw their powder-dirt in our face, and the pieces of the shells close over our heads. This moment we dragoons embraced to get out of the cannon shot, and ran in full gallop over an open plain about three hundred yards long, till we came to the same ditch which we had first passed in the morning. Now we were safe, and breathed free, and our young Lieutenant commanded, with a martial voice, "Right!" "Left!" "Keep up!" and so we stepped off in first-rate order back to the camp, where every one was surrounded by his comrades to hear the story how he escaped from being shot.

Finally, I must remark that our last race was the most dangerous. The Mexicans peppered us most gallantly from their forts, with twenty-four pounders, and, having no more ditches and ramparts for shelter, I thought by every step to get a knock-down or a leg blown off, when a ball struck to the left and threw the sod and sand in my face; I jumped to the right; and when the same thing happened there on the right, I jumped to the left again. However, no man with a racehorse could have kept up with us by passing that fatal plain. I was quite surprised at my own swiftness, how fast I could run in my old days.

AN OLD DRAGOON,
And now a Wood-chopper.

[For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.]

THE MESSAGE.

THE pleasant light comes trickling a-down
The bole of the old oak tree,
Like drops of gold, without a sound
It falls on the leaves, and me.

The breeze sweeps by with a breath that tells
Of flowers where sips the bee,
It has rifled the sweets from the lily-bells
And borne all their perfume to me.

Far up in the blue a boat of pearl
Is drifting on dreamily,
With its golden prow and its sails unfurled
'Tis floating away—with me.

O the pleasant light, and the gilded leaves,
And the cloud on yon azure sea,
And flowery breath of the summer breeze
Breathe a song never-varying to me.

"'Tis good to live"—thus they softly sing,
"In a world so fair and free,
'Tis the Father's world, and we gladly bring
His message of love to thee."

T. E. D.

THE CZAR AND HIS COUSIN JONATHAN.

SCENE FROM THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.

An Unfinished Drama.

SCENE.—*St. Petersburg. A Room in the Palace. The* EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, *the* GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, *and* Dr. THOMAS COTTMAN, *seated. At the elbow of each, on a malachite table, a sherry cobbler.* COTTMAN *smoking a cigar with his heels elevated on the back of a chair.*

Emp. Yes, Doctor, in this world there are two forms
Of Government, and but two possible,
Your own, and ours. You, an enlightened people.
Are capable of self-rule; each of you
A Sovereign is whose subjects are himself.
Cottm. And Niggers.
Emp. Yes; and Niggers. But our Russians,
Unripe for institutions such as yours,
As yet do need a master.
Cottm. I expect
There just this difference is 'tween you and we,
Yourn is white Niggers, Emperor, ourn is black.
You owns more slaves than we do.
Emp. Even so.
Cottm. And you and we are near about as like,
As cowhide is to knout.
Emp. And both combined—
Cottm. Will flog creation—
Grand D. And the Britishers,
Cottm. Grand Duke, you're right. I tell you what, Grand Duke,
You talk exactly like a reg'lar Yankee,
Though in your silks you stand but five feet five,
You'd pass for one on Broadway—that's a fact;
Now, Emperor, hand us a cigar.
Emp. Try these.
(*Passes cigar case.*)
They're Cubas; and although the question may
Appear superfluous—Do you smoke?
Cottm. Wal, yes,
Emperor, I rather speculate I do.
Emp. Well, Doctor, now's your time to take your Cuba;
You shall do so; and I, in the meanwhile,
Will help myself to Turkey.
Cottm. Here's a light!
Emp. Thanks, Doctor, for the candle you propose
To hold for NICHOLAS.
Grand D. Those Britishers
Would NICHOLAS corrupt a nickname,
Whereby the miscreants do miscall my sire.
Consume the dastards!
Cottm. Dastards, cowards, curs,
Rascals and scoundrels, loafers, possums, 'coons!
Grand D. Nation of hucksters, pedlars!
Emp. Shopkeepers!
Cottm. The mighty Russian Eagle, I compute,
At Cronstadt and Sebastopol, right slick,
Will chaw the mangy British Lion up.
Enter the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.
Wal, Emperor, wal, Grand Duke, I call that there
The finest gal in Europe.
Grand Duch. Doctor,
How are your patients? And have you prescribed
This physic for Papa and CONSTANTINE?
The doctor his own medicine takes, I see;
So I suppose it must be rather nice.
Cottm. Taste it, Grand Duchess.
[*Offers his glass and straw. She takes a suck.*
Grand Duch. Oh how very good!
[*Returns glass and straw.*
Cottm. I'll keep that straw. I'll never part with it:
BARNUM would give me something for the straw
Which the Grand Duchess sucked her cobbler through,
But he shan't have it.
Grand Duch. Go along with you!
I will not stay and let you make me vain,
Farewell, you flattering doctor. [*Exit.*
Cottm. Wal, time flies,
The hour has come for me, likewise, to say
The word of parting, and absquotulate.
So, about Sitka?
Emp. Tell your Government
That they shall have it cheap; at their own price,
I'll sell it at a loss, so that I may
The Yankee thorn plant in the British side.
Cottm. Wal, good bye, Emperor, and good bye, Grand Duke;
Your message I will take to GENERAL PIERCE.
And may we strike a bargain. You, meanwhilst,
Will lick them cussed Britishers, I hope,
Into a tarnel and immortal smash,
Whittle down all their greatness to a pint,
Scuttle their island, 'nihilate JOHN BULL,
And of his catawampous carcase leave
No more than an invisible grease-spot.
Emp. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Grand D. Adieu, most rich American.
Emp. There goes a gull of Anglo-Saxon brood;
The dirty bird befouls his own old nest,
Would he befouled that only! Ho, there! Put
The windows up and fetch a mop or broom—
In what a mess the wretch has made the room!
—*Punch.* [*Scene closes.*

THE STORY OF THE BACK-ROOM WINDOW.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

WE live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes, are forever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbours are "exultations, agonies!" And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted (like the people in the palace of Truth); all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which time is forever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies, almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his "fame" in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered in the dust.

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts, regarding a neighbouring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am now about to relate is almost literally *a fact:*

"Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in B—— Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful, the marble chimney-place being distinguished by a painting of Cipriana, whilst on the ceiling lay scattered some of the conventional elegances of Angelica Kauffman. From the windows which occupied the northern extremity of the room we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses—the points of the arc receding from us. [I mention these things merely to recall to your mind our precise position.]

"In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbour dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant.

"'Well!' said A——, 'at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavouring to decoy the unwary passenger! We shall see.'

"A few weeks determined the question; for, after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odour of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know 'what manner of man' he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival.

"At last a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, and then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office—a merchant, or professional man, whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room.

"And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen throwing open the windows in the morning to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing with a delicate hand the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighbourhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, 'imparadised' in rustic dreams; she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the '*genius loci*' which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently to another comer.

"We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white; she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave-taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Everthing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book-case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words—'How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of ——!' It was altogether a pretty scene.

"Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon; or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated.

"At last, spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plain put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue overhead (even in London); and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with rose. But the lady?—Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden, when the sun was full upon it. All other times she might be seen wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or, when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business), she walked a little, to and fro, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and perhaps common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him—the responsibility of love. It is thus that, in some natures, love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which else would remain dull, trivial, and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dullness into vigour and beauty, under the 'charming-wand' of love.

"But let us proceed:

"On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light, burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child! We drank to its health in wine.

"For a few days quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came, and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly!) to hide a world of grief. Ere long the bedroom window was thrown open; the shutters of the house were closed, and in a week a hearse was at the door. The mystery was at an end; she was dead!

"She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this? She lived and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself—and for a name, a tomb? Alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests forever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we eave hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know *where* it is that we have laid our faiding treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy and as painful to the simple church-yard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs, what are they to the grandeur of the over-hanging heavens! and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows!

"The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another, were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which had been purchased for the mother, were now the property of another claimant. Even the father turned towards it all of his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her who had strewn sunshine in his path; and he valued it accordingly.

"But all would not do. A month, 'a little month,' and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her child were again together.

"From this period a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child), now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night, a madness and dissonant jollity (the madness of wine) usurped the place of the early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that had once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of? Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her patience, her gentleness, her deep untiring love? Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity? his young and happy spirit? The world offered the same allurements as before, with the exception only of one single joy. Oh! but that was *all*. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence the present, the past, the bright to come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the pictures of innumerable blessings. He had trod, even in dreams, upon a sunny shore. And now—!

"But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, from step to step. Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old before his time'; and might have subsided into a paralyzed cripple or a moody idiot, had not death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery.

"He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train. But all, in their time, disappeared; and in a few weeks workmen came thronging again to the empty house; the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautified. The same board which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words 'To Let' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again, and that the interval was nothing but a dream."

And is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have made it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common threadbare story of human life—first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow—all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand, thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured that there is no more an equality or stagnation in the heart, than in the ever-moving ocean.

You will ask me, perhaps, to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate you passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friend will tell you that you may learn, by precepts, never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you loose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the east wind may blow into dust—it is anything but the act of a wise and prudent man. And to grieve for her after she is dead!—to sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more senseless? All this can be proved by every rule of logic.

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except perhaps that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathise with your kind. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand; which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too well contented, to reach.

We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavour to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (though it may sleep), of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it, and I hope that you will not entirely contemn this until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this—"*Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in.*"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A CARPET OF IVORY.—Among the curiosities to be transmitted from India to the Great Exhibition in Paris next year, is a carpet of ivory. It is 20 feet long by 7 feet broad, and made of long strips of ivory, plaited like matting. The price fixed upon it is £300.

——The Rev. Dr. M'Neile issued a general invitation to the worshippers at St. Paul's, Liverpool, to a lecture on the evils of drunkenness. Some wag, well-acquainted with the church-goers who "like a glass," got the notice printed as a circular, and sent it round amongst them, with the words—"Mr. —— and friends are affectionately invited to attend." Great was the indignation at the Doctor: and especially in quarters that might seem most in need of the lecture.

——THE HOME SECRETARY ON PENMANSHIP.—The gossiping "London correspondent" of the *Inverness Courier*, writes: "The following instructions, which were given by Lord Palmerston to a Foreign-office clerk, for answering a letter, you may rely on as authentic. It is an admirable specimen of his curt way of transacting official business, 'Tell him—1, we'll see; 2. to use blacker ink; 3, to round his letters; and 4, that there is no *h* in exorbitant.'"

——WORK AND KNOWLEDGE.—The King of Bavaria has decreed that no children aged less than ten years at least, and who have not received elementary and religious instruction, shall be employed in manufactories; that they shall not be occupied more than nine hours a day, and that of them three shall be passed at school; that the children shall be continually under surveillance; and that, if possible, the two sexes shall be kept separate.

——A Protestant journal in America lately spoke of the old lady who triumphantly pointed out the "Epistle to the *Romans*," and asked where one could be found addressed to the *Protestants*? The *Catholic Mirror* happily retorts by telling us of a negro Baptist at the South, who said to his Methodist master: "You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read in it of one John the Baptist, hasn't you?" "Yes." "Well, you never saw nothing about no John the Methodist, did you?" "No." "Well, den you see, dere's Baptists in the Bible, but dere aint no Methodists; and de Bible's on my side." We leave our good brethren of these sects to settle this knotty point among themselves.

——SUGGESTED "SOCIETY FOR LENGTHENING OF LIFE."—Look at this one simple fact, made obvious by the last Census. The mean "lifetime" in Liverpool is but 25 years, while the mean "lifetime" in Surrey is 45 years! The people die 20 years on an average before their time in Liverpool, tried even by the result of a defective state of things in Surrey. The mean "lifetime" of all England is about 40 years. If all England were to form themselves into one large "Society for Making the Average Lifetime Seventy," and would one and all carry out the rules which science and experience point out, and God permits, they would effect their purpose. We should be saying only what we believe to be feasible if we suggested a "Society for Living to a Hundred!" Who'll join?—*The Builder.*

——In the course of a Memoir of the late Mrs. Southey, the *Athenæum* observes that no sacrifice could have been greater than the one that lady made when she married Southey. She resigned a much larger income on her marriage than she knew she could receive at her husband's death. She consented to unite herself to him, with a sure prevision of the awful condition of mind to which he would shortly be reduced; with a certain knowledge of the injurious treatment to which she might be exposed, from the purest motive that could actuate a woman in forming such a connection—namely, the faint hope that her devotedness and zeal might enable her, if not to avert the catastrophe, to acquire at least a legal title to minister to the sufferer's comforts, and watch over the few sad years of existence that might remain to him.

——BULLS OF SIR BOYLE ROCHE.—Sir Boyle Roche was the droll of the Irish House of Commons—the Sibthorp, but more amusing than his English counterpart. Indignant at receiving small bottles from his wine merchant, he took occasion to suggest to parliament that, by law, "every quart bottle should hold a quart." One of his invitations to an Irish nobleman was amusingly equivocal. "I hope, my lord, if ever you come within a mile of my house, that you'll *stay there all night.*" Nor was his rebuke to his shoemaker when he had the gout wanting natural humour. "Oh, you're a precious blockhead to do directly the reverse of what I desired you. I told you to made one of the shoes *larger* than the other, and instead of that, you have made one of them *smaller* than the other. The very opposite!"

——THIEF-CATCHING BY BLOODHOODS.—The *Sussex* (England) *Express*, in noticing a recent capture of sheep-stealers by Police-superintendent Smith, of Alton, says: "This is the second capture this active officer has made within the past 3 months. A few weeks ago the same parties stole a sheep from Mr. Bettsworth, of the same parish, and Mr. Smith and his bloodhounds were sent for. The latter ran from the spot where the sheep was killed, through the most remote valleys in the neighbourhood, a distance of three miles, causing great sensation to the guilty gang. They ultimately arrived at a cottage occupied by a shoemaker, when the gallant huntsman was accosted by the paralyzed inmate as to what his business was there. He was informed of the nature of his visit. The bloodhounds tried to make an entrance to their prey through the thatch on the roof of the cottage. The door, however, was opened, a search was made, and a part of the sheep found in the house. The prisoners were consequently apprehended and committed for trial."

——How many phrases are there in common use that seem to mean something but mean nothing whatever. We call lawyers, for example, "gentlemen of the long robe"; yet who ever saw a lawyer in anything of the kind. We say that Judge so-or-so wears "the judicial ermine" with dignity, when he does not wear any ermine at all. We have seen newspaper reports of a new ship's "gliding gracefully into her native element," when all the world knows that a ship's native element is not the sea but the shore. We are told of the way the tragic actor wears the "sock," and the comic actor the "buskin," and yet who ever saw either on the stage? Gentlemen partial to good living, we hear it said, are "fond of the bottle," when it is the contents of that vessel, and not the vessel itself they love so dearly. "The jury box" is no box at all, nor does any court ever sit on a "bench." And what, we would respectfully inquire, do the poets and romancers mean by saying "the sex," when alluding to the ladies as if we were of no sex at all?

——The (London) *Examiner*, is led, by some sad experience of a misprint, to remark that a collection of errors of the press of the malignant type would be amongst the curiosities of literature. Bayle records several curious specimens. In